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accomplished both, but time forbade, and Nature's wilder beauties induced me to resign her softer and more cultivated scene.

"Arrived at Chamouni (in travelling to which, by the by, I skirted the base of the Môle, and found my youthful haymakers still pursuing their blithe vocation), my first expedition of course was to the celebrated Mer de Glace, which derives its name from its strong resemblance to a stormy ocean suddenly congealed. My wonder on first beholding, even after all I had heard of it, this striking spectacle, was great indeed! Its solid waves, dark green in some parts, in others crystal clear, were bounded, like those of the real ocean, by a vast rocky border (or *moraine*, as it is called) of huge stone, heaved up through frightful fissures from its icy bosom; while frequent avalanches, or snow slides, from the surrounding peaks, caused by the heat of the noonday sun, heightened, by their deep and awful sound, the unrivalled wildness of the scene.

"Full of the sublimest musings on its unparalleled grandeur, and doubting whether it could ever be exceeded, even amid the works of Nature, what object, still more wonderful at such an elevation, saluted—Jane Daere, you should be able to tell me—my astonished eyes?"

"A bowl of punch!" triumphantly exclaimed the sly young lady; "rather a sinking in poetry, was it not, Sir Traveller, on the Mer de Glace?"

"I admit it," answered he, with his usual *sang froid*, "but very welcome notwithstanding; and not the less so for the circumstances under which it presented itself. Dazzled at length by the reflection from the shining surface of the icy sea, and exhausted by the long ascent of seven miles to it, which, while others ride on mules, I had performed on foot, I strolled towards the hospice, or hut, erected on its margin for the refreshment of travellers, some of whom, as cheerful voices from within assured me, had already taken possession.

"I entered, and the first object that saluted me on its rude stone table, was the identical punch-bowl you mention, or rather, to speak more correctly, a wooden milk-vessel belonging to the hut, round which sat a party of jolly Scotchmen, whose chief, an old Highland gentleman, had carried all the way from his native north, a bottle of his beloved whiskey! for the special purpose of quaffing it on the kindred summit of the Montanvert.

"In the rude northern accents so congenial to the German ear, I was of course invited to partake; and found the Celtic beverage (thanks, perhaps, to the intense thirst created by my fatiguing climb) as much more palatable than the kirschwasser (or whiskey distilled from cherries) of Switzerland, as the Scottish mountains it came from must yield in grandeur to the Alps. Was I not in luck, Miss Daere, to stumble on perhaps the first and last bowl of punch ever brewed upon their summits?—the more so, as the rencontre I describe has, I assure you, more of fact in it than I would swear of all the Traveller's tales you spiteful imps, have made me palin upon you to-night!"

"How odd!" cried some; "how clever!" exclaimed all; "tis quite in vain to put you out; but 'tis worth No. XI. 161

while to try, only to hear you tell your travels so delightfully. Go on, go on!"

"Tearing myself with regret from Chamouni and its primitive people, I crossed on foot the rugged Col de Blane, and rejoined the great Simplon road at Martigny; whose devastation by a sudden flood some years ago is still attested by its desolating vestiges on the surrounding country. Proceeding along the dull, and in some parts dreary valley of the Rhone, still farther saddened to the traveller's eye by the frequent *crétins* or idiots, with sunken eyes and swelled throats, whom its confined atmosphere and snowy beverage are supposed to produce and perpetuate, we reached at length the bottom of the stupendous road, which, when all the conquests of Napoleon are forgotten, will continue, in spite of his far different intentions, to unite distant nations by its friendly, peaceful link.

"This magnificent road wound upward so gradually and skilfully, that having left the lumbering diligence and its eight horses far behind, I walked, unconscious of fatigue, nearly fourteen miles to its summit, where I paused (not for the first time, you may believe) to look back from a height of 6000 feet over the mighty valley and its gigantic framework of still loftier peaks, while stunted fir-trees now afforded the only vegetation, and a few goats, diminished to mere specks, the only living things on which the eye reposed.

"As I was sitting by the road-side (any farther progress on foot being arrested by newly fallen snow), listlessly awaiting the arrival of the diligence, near the course of one of the thousand torrents which come rushing down the innumerable ravines, and threaten the traveller with an unexpected shower-bath, what do you think, Richard, suddenly caught my astonished eyes?"

"A whale!" cried Dick, exultingly; "and very like a whale it must have seemed to find one on the Alps."

"I did not indeed remember," gravely resumed the traveller, "to have read of any fossil whales at quite such lofty elevations; but as their remains have been found in the most extraordinary situations, and sea shells, in the freshest preservation, embedded in some of the highest summits of our earth, the gigantic ribs, now scarce discernible from the sharp rocks among which they protruded, did not, after the first moment of surprise, seem so very astounding. I should, indeed, have been puzzled to what marine or land animal (to which latter, you know, the whale is in its structure more nearly related) to ascribe the relics, had not the diligence, which now came up, luckily contained an Italian student of anatomy returning from Paris (fresh from the lectures of Cuvier), who put us right at once, and joyfully set on foot a subscription to get the cantonniers, or road-makers (stationed at regular distances in cottages, called *refuges*), to disinter, before the snow should cover it, the whole of the fossil skeleton, and have it forwarded to the museum of his native city of Bologna. Of course this scientific adventure furnished conversation all the way to Milan."

"You may as well say Rome at once, and get to your journey's end!" sighed the provoked party; "for if we were to say you saw St. Peter's in the moon, or

the moon made of green cheese, you would get out of the scrape in some way or other!"

"What I might manage to see in the moon, we must take for granted till I have been there," said the Traveller, laughing. "As for the moon herself, whether she was actually manufactured into a green cheese, I did not stay to ascertain, but this I know, that it was in a *cheese-tub* I saw her with more of interest than I ever did before, or probably shall again."

"Nay, now, you surely are romancing!" cried some of the younger children; "how could the moon, which we all know is so large, get into a cheese-tub?"

"Just as the sun, which all of you know is larger still, goes into the object-glass of a small telescope, or into each of the eight thousand reflecting mirrors contained in the eyes of a common house-fly. But since you defy me to it, I'll force you to confess I had both sun and moon together in my tub!—what think you of that?"

"Oh, tell us, tell us!" cried every one impatiently.

"It is soon told. You must know, that once on a time, while we were stopping for dinner at one o'clock (nursery hours, these, my little Jane?) at a Swiss village, I wondered all of a sudden to see the bright summer sun grow dim and overcast, while yet no gathering clouds accounted for the strange appearance. By and by, the cows and goats round the little inn began to take up their night's quarters, and the fowl to seek their accustomed roost; while one gray, cold, unnatural shade diffused itself over the blue sky and singularly green meadows of the pastoral country in which we were. Even I felt awed by the change which had thus taken place I knew not why."

"I know!" cried out one of the younger children eagerly; "it was an eclipse of the sun that caused it."

"You are quite right, my little man," said the traveller, "and prove yourself as much of a philosopher as the good folks of Sursée, who, while I, heedless mortal! never once thought of the eclipse, had provided a whole simple apparatus of smoked glass and tubs full of water, to enjoy it at their leisure.

"Of these, I assure you, I was very glad to avail myself, and by their help saw, for the first and probably the last time in my life, the eclipse being what is called *annular*, the sun and moon, in loving conjunction, in one huge cheese-vat, the former entirely hidden by the latter, except a little silver rim of light not thicker to the eye than your mamma's wedding ring! The sight, you may believe, was a very interesting one; and the gradual return to cheerful daylight and bright sunshine, the joyful chirping of birds, and lowing of the cows, after our two hours of night, was not a thing to be hastily forgotten.

"But we must hasten to the end of our journey, for Mr. Daere's watch in his hand tells us we must go to bed in earnest. You talked just now quite hopelessly of puzzling me about St. Peter's. Well! suppose me fairly at Rome, gazing, with feelings only inferior to those experienced in viewing the great works of nature, up at its gigantic porticoes, lulled by its ceaseless fountains, and stretching my neck in wondering admiration of its lofty dome—I give you leave to pick out of all your busy fancies, the vulgarest the drollest, and most

out-of-the-way-thing you have yet mentioned as falling in my way; what shall it be? you may lay your heads together."

After much whispering, and a burst of laughter which spoke a certain triumph over the luckless Traveller, a malicious little urchin gave the fatal words, "A pair of bagpipes!"

"Bagpipes and St. Peter's! Come, that's pretty well," cried the exulting children; while the Traveller, with a pitying smile, wished they had given him a less easy triumph.

"Bagpipes," said he, "unfortunately for your victory, are almost as common at one season in Rome as in the Highlands of Scotland; and often at the time when the pilgrims, whose bands they usually accompany, swarm around St. Peter's, have I taken refuge within it, from the harsh sounds which grated on my ear without,—escaping from the 'piferari' as I now do (seizing a bedroom candle) from my persecutors here, to whom I wish a good sound sleep to-night, and better success in their attack upon me to-morrow!"

MY VERY PARTICULAR FRIEND.

BY MRS. ABDY.

ARE you struck with her figure and face?

How lucky you happened to meet

With none of the gossiping race,

Who dwell in this horrible street!

They of slanderous hints never tire;

I love to approve and commend,

And the lady you so much admire,

Is my *very particular friend*!

How charming she looks—her dark curls

Really float with a *natural* air,

And the beads might be taken for pearls

That are twined in that beautiful hair:

Then what tints her fair features o'erspread—

That she uses *white* paint, some pretend;

But believe me, she only wears *red*,—

She's my *very particular friend*!

Then her voice, how divine it appears,

While carolling "Rise Gentle Moon;"

Lord Crotchet last night stopped his ears,

And declared that she sung out of tune;

For my part, I think that her lay

Might to Malibran's sweetness pretend;

But people won't mind what I say,—

I'm her *very particular friend*!

Then her writings—her exquisite rhyme

To posterity surely must reach,

(I wonder she finds so much time,

With four little sisters to teach!)

A critic in Blackwood, indeed,

Abused the last poem she penned,

The article made my heart bleed,—

She's my *very particular friend*!

Her brother despatched with a sword,

His friend in a duel last June;

And her cousin eloped from her lord,

With a handsome and whiskered dragoon:

Her father with duns is beset,

Yet continues to dash and to spend,—

She's too good for so worthless a set,

She's my *very particular friend*!

All her chance of a portion is lost,

And I fear she'll be single for life,

Wise people *will* count up the cost

Of a gay and extravagant wife.

But 'tis odious to marry for pelf,

(Though the times are not likely to mend,)

She's a fortune besides, in herself,—

She's my *very particular friend*!

That she's somewhat sarcastic and pert,

It were useless and vain to deny,

She's a little too much of a flirt,

And a slattern when no one is nigh:

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From her servants she constantly parts,

Before they have reached the year's end;—

But her heart is the kindest of hearts,

She's my *very particular friend*!

Oh! never have pencil or pen,

A creature more exquisite traced;

That her style does not take with the men,

Proves a sad want of judgment and taste;

And if to the sketch I give now,

Some *flattering* touches I lend,

Do for partial affection allow—

She's my *very particular friend*!

DONNA FRANCESCA.

BY THE REV. CHARLES B. TAYLOR.

DONNA FRANCESCA looked in her husband's face and smiled. "You will not have to chide me here for weeping at the thought of Italy, my own beautiful Italy," she said. "Here is a sky as deeply blue as cloudless; and the trees are here as rich in graceful foliage, and this air, which feels like a fan of downy feathers on my face, has rilled the delicious fragrance of an orange grove: I'm sure it has, I know the scent at once—though long years, long at least to me, have passed since I have left an orange grove."

Francesca's voice was very sweet; often as her husband had been charmed by its sound, he thought its silvery tones more sweet than ever. "I did not like to say too much of this far home of ours," said Don Leon, "for I feared that my fond and early associations might colour the scene too highly. Yet this terrace! my Francesca, I have sometimes told you of this terrace, and its dark over-arching cedars; its thickets of roses, where the nightingale sings first and latest: the orange grove, which, as you rightly guessed, is near at hand, and—"

"And," said Francesca, interrupting, and yet continuing his words—"and the long sweet of this lovely bay, where the grey mountains slope upwards at once from the shore, and where, as in my own Italy, the myrtle hangs almost over the clear waters of the sea. Yes, my husband, I remember well your beautiful description, and my doubts and banterings, when you said that Spain could match with Italy. You did not like to say too much of this far home! why, Sir? Why, Leon! don't you remember that I used to tell you, whenever you said any thing about it, that no land but Italy could answer to your glowing description. But you were right, my Leon, my own grave Leon, quite right, as you always are. Don't be so very grave, so gravely Spanish here. There is no occasion, now we are in Spain, to wear your Spanish gravity, as you have done in other places, fearing, it seemed, that you might not else be taken for a Spaniard."

Don Leon smiled, and answered playfully, that his looks were not more sombre than her dark attire, better suited to the wintry fogs of Brussels, than the soft and sunny atmosphere of their own home. She took him at his word, and flung back her dark hood, and threw aside her soft but heavy sables, laughing as she did so, and playfully defying him to fling aside as easily his Spanish gravity; and then she took her husband's arm again, and they ascended the broad marble steps to a loftier terrace, and so went onward through another grove towards the palace. She would have lingered, also, on that upper terrace, for the air, though not less soft, was even fresher there; and her eyes sparkled as they cast a hurried glance over the quiet bay, for the golden sunbeams of the morning fell thick upon the rippled waves, and blazed upon the gilt and painted galley which had brought them from the more distant vessel to the shore.

"I see it all, my sweet and gay Francesca," said her husband, replying to her speaking looks, "and we will often come hither, often gaze together upon this glorious prospect, and drink in this fine fresh air." Then drawing her arm again within his own, he led her onward, still smiling and speaking, her beautiful

hair blowing about in the wild sportive wind, and the rosy freshness of health and exercise glowing in her cheek and parted lips.

Francesca was gentle and quiet; her gaiety was always that of a very feminine spirit; there was no levity about it: she was only gay in those delightful seasons when to enjoy is to obey. There was a deep and serious thoughtfulness upon her brow, when Don Leon found her one evening in the quiet loneliness of the ancient library. She was bending down over a volume which lay open before her, resting her cheek upon her hand. "I have been thinking," she said, as her mild and earnest gaze met that of her husband,— "I have been thinking, perhaps more deeply than usual, and asking myself many questions. There are some, my Leon, that we must answer together."

"Is not this always the case, sweet one?" he said, in a voice as gentle and as serious as her own, "when you search the pages of the inspired volume. Have we not often agreed that we cannot read this book as we read other books, for every now and then its words pierce like a sword of fire, even to the heart."

"And sometimes," said Francesca—"nay, Leon, you have told me oftentimes the same; they fall as the dew falls upon the parched and drooping herbage."

"But these questions, which we must answer, my sweet wife?"

"We must answer them," she continued, "to Him who searcheth the hearts; who knoweth our most secret thoughts. And they are—they are these," she said:—"First of all—are we not too happy, my Leon?"

"Too happy!" he repeated; "can any one be too happy in this uncertain world?"

"Yes; too happy!" she said again—"too happy to be in a state of safety. You know, Leon, that I am not naturally mistrustful; I have ever seen the bright side of every object."

"I know it well," he answered; "and I do therefore wonder more to find you speaking thus."

Francesca made no reply at first, but pointing silently with her finger placed upon the page, to the words she had been reading in the Bible: they were these—"I do also see the ungodly in such prosperity; they come in no misfortune like other folk, neither are they plagued like other men."

"Does not this apply to us?" said Francesca, modestly, the pure colour deepening in her cheek as she spoke, "We love each other tenderly, devotedly. We love all God's creatures; but do we love their Creator and our Creator, their God and our God,—are we not ungodly? And yet I think we should not say, 'we do not love him now,' but rather, 'that we *have* not loved Him till very lately: nor have we ever known his Holy Bible."

"It is our chief treasure," said Leon, "and yet how little we thought, when we came into possession of this rich inheritance, that one unknown and unnoticed volume,* would be soon more precious than our heavy coffers of gold."

"Far more precious," continued Francesca, "than those caskets of diamonds which you opened before me, dearest, when you first brought them to my dressing-room, and were a little, a very little, disappointed, because I did not look upon them with the childish delight that you expected to find in me, or when I complained that the ropes of orient pearl, which I wore to please you at court, were as cumbrous as they were beautiful. How worthless do all the precious things of the world begin to appear, to one who has found the pearl of great price. You will smile, my Leon, but our very prosperity as to the blessings of this world, has begun to alarm me, since I have studied the Holy Bible, as to the safety of our own spiritual concerns. I am uneasy, lest the things of time and sense should be occupying that place in our hearts, which the things that are eternal, and of God, should fill alone. Had you come to me a little sooner, you might have found me trembling and in tears before my God, for I had found the place where it is written, 'What is a man

* The Bible was the rare Spanish Bible of Bonifacio Fener.

profited if he should gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Now I am sure the desire of gaining has never possessed my heart, but I am also sure that I have had scarcely a thought beyond the enjoyment of God's gifts, bestowed in such abundance upon us. I have not held them with a steward's hand, nor have I estimated them as a pilgrim should his way-side pleasures.

"I have not had a wish ungratified, but I have received the goodness of the Lord rather as my right, than as a favour from his gracious hand. Our dear child, are we not blest in him? Many parents whom we know are childless. God has dealt most graciously with us."

"He has, indeed," said Leon, "and henceforth we will not forget Him, my Francesca. If he has distinguished us amongst our fellows, we will strive to love him more than others."

Donna Francesca sat in her favourite saloon, waiting for her husband, and wondering at his long absence—an absence longer at least than usual. She had ordered a table to be spread with cooling fruits, beside the fountain in the marble hall, for there the refreshing atmosphere was delightful during a sultry day. This hall was connected with the saloon, where Donna Francesca was sitting by an open corridor. Had a stranger entered that magnificent apartment, and seen the lovely and smiling lady with her noble-looking boy, he would have agreed with Donna Francesca, that there were few more blessed with worldly happiness than herself.

"You look not like yourself to-night," said Donna Francesca to her husband; "you are not estranged from me, I am quite sure of that, but something has happened. What has happened, my own Leon, to make you look so melancholy?"

"Send Alfonso to bed, dearest," he replied, looking mournfully on his little boy; "is he not up later than usual?"

"A little later, dear Leon," she replied, "for I wished him to see you before he went to bed—but he disturbs you, and perhaps your head aches. Come, Alfonso—nurse is only in the anti-room." The little boy was taken away.

"I have seen a sad sight to-day," said Don Leon: "I did not tell you where I was going, but I went on purpose to be present at the Auto da Fe, at Seville this morning. It was a fearful and humiliating sight, Francesca. There was one of our own rank, a man whom I have known and loved since I was a boy, a Ponce de Leon; you may remember him, for Don Juan was with us soon after I brought you to Spain. Your heart would have ached had you seen him to-day; his fine manly form, clad in the horrid sanbenite, and the coraza* on his noble head, both painted over with flames and fiendish figures,—an extinguished torch in his hand, and a halter round his neck, while a friar walked on either side of him, talking to him of that mercy in heaven which they denied him on earth. Doctor Juan Gonzalez suffered also; perhaps there was not a finer preacher in Andalusia; and he went forward with so firm a step, and a countenance so calm and cheerful, that one could see he had made his peace with God. Two of his sisters were with him, doomed to the same horrible death. And he often turned to them with looks and words of cheerful encouragement, and began to sing some holy psalm, but his inhuman persecutors thrust the gag into his mouth. I feared from their pale faces and heavy downcast eyes, that his two sisters would have yielded to the influence of mortal fear, and made their recantation; but on their arrival at the place of execution, they seemed to be suddenly inspired with new strength, and bore their cruel fate like two heroines. But why should I tell you more of these frightful persecutions—for persecutions I must call them; the great crime of the poor sufferers is, that they take a view of our holy faith somewhat differing from that held by the Roman Catholic clergy; and to say the truth, unwilling as I should be to separate from what I have ever considered the true church, I feel disposed, since we have begun to search the Holy Bible for ourselves, to pass no heavy censure upon the followers of this new learning, and their bold leader, Martin Luther."

"I have heard but little of the new opinions," replied Donna Francesca; "but of this I am certain, that I would rather give up our teachers, should there be no other alternative, than the Holy Scriptures, which it now seems they would take away from us."

"Tell me, dear Francesca," said Don Leon, "for it has not occurred to me till now to ask you. Have you taken away our Spanish Bible? I left it on the table in my own dressing-room this morning—I left it open, and when I came in just now it was not there."

"It is surely there," replied Francesca. "Not an hour ago I was there, hoping to meet you on your first entrance, (for you know I often meet you in your dressing-room,) and the Bible was lying as you left it."

"I know it was, for I remained there to read it."

"I will go at once and look for it," said Donna Francesca.

"You will not find it there," he replied, as they left the saloon together. The Bible was not found. The servants were questioned about it, but they either knew nothing or would tell nothing. Don Leon and Donna Francesca returned to the saloon; but the countenance of the former was even more troubled than it had been before. "Alas!" said he, mournfully, "our time of trial may be close at hand, Francesca, are you prepared to meet it, or shall we seek in any way to avoid the coming storm?"

"Should there be any holy way of escape from persecution, we might flee by that way, but if not—" She hesitated, for her eyes fell upon her husband.

"Well, my Francesca," he said, "if not we must pray for faith and for patience;—were those the words you would have added?"

"I hardly know," she replied, with a trembling voice and a faint smile; "and yet I think I am prepared for any trial, and for any danger, to be shared with you."

"But if we should be called to trials that we may not share together, my sweet wife, let us think even of the worst, and let us from this moment be prepared."

"My husband, my own friend," said Francesca, calmly, "you must not blame me if I differ from you now. You seem to me, to bring forward dark forebodings, and then to call them preparation. Does our Heavenly Father require such a frame of spirit in his children? does he not rather say in his Blessed Word, 'Be careful for nothing, but in every thing by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your request be made known to God, and the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Jesus Christ.' The events which may happen beyond the present hour, will be ordered by Him whose love is equal to his wisdom. Why speak of being prepared for heavy trials? I am quite sure, my Leon, that He will do all things wisely and well; and as for the future, if we are called upon to suffer, His strength will be made perfect in our weakness. Is it not true, that where he sends afflictions to his children, he sends also the strength to bear them?"

Donna Francesca had scarcely spoken the last few words, than she turned very pale; she placed her trembling hand upon her husband's arm, and whispered, "There it is again," pointing with her finger towards the hall.

"Tell me what alarms you thus?" he exclaimed, "give me some explanation of this sudden terror."

"I will, I will," she said; "but come with me first, there is some listener skulking near; I am certain of it; I saw his shadow plainly by the moonlight."

"We will see his face," said Leon, snatching up the lamp and springing forward. In the corridor between the hall and the saloon, where they had been sitting, stood a tall dark figure; he did not stir at their approach, and, as the lamp flashed full upon his face, his cold but steady look met the angry glances of Don Leon. "Who are you," he demanded, "and by what authority have you dared to enter these apartments? Speak at once, or take the consequences upon yourself."

"I may answer all your questions," replied the stranger, very quietly, "by a few words. The Holy Office has called for your presence this very night; you will go with me at once."

"This is not to be borne," exclaimed Don Leon, indignantly, and almost fiercely. "You have been mean-

ly listening to us in this our own chamber. Our Bible has been stolen by your sacrilegious hands, I know it has," he said; for his eye had fallen upon the silver chains attached to the sacred volume; they were held, it seemed very carelessly, by the inquisitor, and the Bible hung suspended from them. He received no answer, but the monk walked slowly to the door and opened it. In another minute, Don Leon and his wife were surrounded by the familiars of the Office.

"Alas!" he said, in a voice of low deep agony, "I must leave you, Francesca! it is useless to think of resistance."

"You will both be conveyed to the Holy Office," said the inquisitor.

Donna Francesca, who had stood before like one lost as to speech and sense, uttered a cry of delight and threw herself into her husband's arms. They remained for some minutes locked in one tender and loving embrace. Then Don Leon, encircling her slender waist with his arm, signified his readiness to depart. He led her gently forward, and was about to lift her into the covered carriage which stood waiting at the door of the palace, when she was suddenly torn from him and carried off to a separate conveyance. His efforts to free himself, his frantic air, were those of a madman; but he soon lay resistless, bound hand and foot, and the gag in his mouth.

A terrific storm came on with the closing shades of evening, the pale and forked lightning playing with a wild lustre upon the iron window bars of a low but spacious dungeon, in which many female prisoners were confined. The pealing bursts of thunder had alarmed them all but one fair and delicate lady. She was sitting apart from the others upon a low seat, or rather niche, which had been hollowed into the rocky wall. Her wrists were crossed one over the other, and her hands hung listlessly down; her head had drooped upon her bosom, for overcome by fatigue and grief, she had at last sunk into a quiet sleep.

Few would have recognized the fresh and beautiful Francesca, in that pale and wasted creature. She had suffered much from torture on the horrid rack, but far more from the sentence which that evening had been declared to her; it was, perpetual separation from her husband, and imprisonment for life.* She was now stunned and stupified by the mere weight of her grief. She was scarcely conscious that they had put upon her the loose zamarra or vest of yellow cloth, (the *sanbenito* she was condemned to wear;) and when the morning brought the pleasant sunshine into her dungeon, she noticed it not, she heeded not the bells that tolled from all the churches, nor the crowded procession of the Auto da Fe, in which she walked among the poor wretched prisoners. Once or twice she looked about her, but her eye met not the only object which it sought. If Leon were there she saw him not.

Another trial awaited Francesca. During her imprisonment she had often entreated to be allowed to see her child, the request had apparently received no attention. On her return to the prison she was put into a carriage and taken to a convent about three miles from Seville, a friar of the office accompanying her. On their arrival they were at once shown into the convent parlour, to which the little Alfonso had been also brought; the child was in the arms of a strange nurse when Francesca appeared. Notwithstanding her strange dress, Alfonso stretched out his little arms to her, and she was permitted to clasp him to her bosom and to cover his face and forehead with kisses, Francesca had not expected this indulgence, and for some little time it quite overcame her. Laughing and weeping by turns, she addressed her dark and silent companion. She awoke at once to new life, and poured forth her warm and eloquent thanks, and blessed him, from the fulness of heart. He, however, noticed her not, nor even raised his cold glances from the missal which lay open on his knees. At length becoming calm and composed, she sat gazing, with smiles, and in silence, upon her young and beautiful child. Her smiles died away as she became more and more

* See M'Crie's History of the Reformation in Spain, for punishments even more unjust and dreadful.

* The cap worn by the condemned.

thoughtful—died away so entirely, that the child, after staring at her with astonishment for some minutes, stroked his little hand over her pale and sunken cheek, and then putting his arm fondly round her neck, laid his head on her bosom and sighed deeply. The door of the parlour which led to the interior of the convent, opened, and the lady abbess entered, accompanied by a Spanish lady of high rank, a near relation to Don Leon. Donna Anna de Segura was a strict Roman Catholic herself, but she was really grieved at the distresses of her friends. It was chiefly owing to her entreaties that Francesca had been permitted to see her child; but she had promised to exert all her influence with Francesca, and to work upon her feelings, by means of the child, to bring her to recant her heresies. She left no way which she could devise untried, to convince or to wile over Donna Francesca, and she was ably seconded by the abbess. The heretic, as they deemed her, listened to them attentively, and replied to them gently; but after all their arguments, and all their persuasions, they found her even more unmoved than when they began to address her.

"It is really useless," said Francesca meekly, as the two ladies stood before her, silent and evidently mortified at their want of success; "I have counted the cost of all I am forced to give up, in order that I may keep a clear conscience before God; and I only grieve and vex you, my kind friends, for kind you are, notwithstanding your harsh words. I have heard all that you can say, and am rather strengthened than otherwise in my determination to suffer persecution, as I see no honest means of escape."

Donna Anna was a proud and violent woman of superior talents; she had persuaded herself of success, and in her self-confidence had pledged her word to others that she would convince Francesca of her errors. She had been gradually working herself into a violent rage with the poor feeble prisoner. She now overwhelmed her with reproaches and bitter invectives, she snatched the child roughly from its mother, and when she implored her to give him back to her arms, losing all command over herself, Donna Anna struck her a violent blow. The more gentle abbess now interposed, and even the inquisitor raised his eyes for a moment on the extraordinary scene. Donna Anna had no sooner struck the unoffending Francesca, than all her anger turned against herself. She threw herself at the poor mother's feet, she put the infant into her arms, and bathed in tears, she knelt before Francesca, and entreated her forgiveness. Francesca's smile and voice were saint-like in their heavenly sweetness, as she bent down to raise the penitent woman, and kissed her forehead, and her cheek, and looking upward, prayed that God would bless the kind and sympathizing friend, who had brought her infant to her once again. But now the Inquisitor closed his book and rose up, coldly desiring Francesca to accompany him unless she had determined to recant her errors. Francesca quietly prepared to go with him. She looked, however, at her child with a look of such heart-broken wretchedness, that Donna Anna, weeping as she spoke, renewed her entreaties.

"Do not torture me any more, my kind, kind friend!" said Francesca in a voice scarcely louder than a whisper.

The Inquisitor turned to the abbess, and without the slightest emotion either in tone or countenance, he said with a look of cold but decided authority, "Take the child from her."

The abbess approached, but the child, as if aware of what was intended, threw both his arms around his mother's neck, and clung to her with a look of alarm. But now Donna Anna threw herself at the feet of the monk, earnestly entreating him to allow a little longer time, if nothing more. "The time is already expired," he coldly replied. But here Francesca spoke: "You will wait," she said, with a look and manner of such dignity, and with so firm a voice, that even that stern inquisitor was awed, by its authority.—"You will wait till I have embraced my child for the last time. He shall not be taken from me—he will obey me when I bid him—my sweet Alfonso," she said, drawing the child closer and closer to her bosom, "kiss me and then go to those kind ladies without saying a word." The little fellow seemed to understand her at once, by the

obedience that he showed to her words; he kissed her, and when she led him to Donna Anna, he made no resistance. Once or twice she passed her hand over his soft hair, and her lips moved in prayer, then she kissed his forehead, his cheeks, his eyes, his mouth, and pressed him once more to her bosom; she then left him with a countenance as calm as it was grave and sorrowful. The monk had opened the door and passed on; Francesca was passing through the doorway, when Donna Anna sprang forward, she seized one of the passive hands of Francesca, and entreated her to stop,—she rushed past her, and stood in the way, holding up the lovely child, and as she presented him she said, "Can you consent to part with him forever? never, never to see him more?"

"Hear me for the last time," said Donna Francesca, gasping for breath as she spoke, "I have neither will nor power in myself—in pity let me pass—It has been said by him who will help me, who is with me now, 'He that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me.' For His sake let me pass—"

Nothing was ever clearly known of the fate of Don Leon de Valera, Marquis of Juraila, or of the gentle Italian lady, Donna Francesca, whom he married. Their rich possessions were seized upon by the state. A year or two after their condemnation a rumour was in circulation that Don Leon had been seen in Germany, and about the same time a portrait of Donna Francesca was set up in the most public part of Seville; copies of this picture were also sent to several of the frontier towns; and a high reward was offered for her apprehension. Some said that Donna Juana of Portugal, the king's sister, had secretly favoured the escape of Francesca. Others declared that the picture exhibited was not the portrait of Donna Francesca, and that the dark hood and furred mantle were not according to the style of her costume.

THE WILL.

A Story founded on Fact.

BY MISS MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

Nothing in the whole routine of country life seems to me more capricious and unaccountable than the choice of a county beauty. Every shire in the kingdom, from Brobdingnagian York to Lilliputian Rutland, can boast of one. The existence of such a personage seems as essential to the well-being of a provincial community as that of the queen-bee in a hive; and, except by some rare accident, when two fair sisters for instance of nearly equal pretensions appear in similar dresses at the same balls and the same archery meetings, you as seldom see two queens of Brentford in the one society as the other. Both are elective monarchies, and both tolerably despotic; but so far I must say for the little winged people that one comprehends the impulse which guides them in the choice of a sovereign far better than the motives which influence their brother-insects, the beaux; and the reason of this superior sagacity in the lesser swarms is obvious. With them the election rests in a natural instinct, an unerring sense of fitness, which never fails to discover with admirable discrimination the one only she who suits their purpose; whilst the other set of voluntary subjects, the plumeless bipeds, are unluckily abandoned to their own wild will, and, although from long habits of imitation almost as unanimous as the bees, seem guided in their admiration by the merest caprice, the veriest chance, and select their goddess, the goddess of beauty, blindfold—as the bluecoat boys draw, or used to draw, the tickets in a lottery.

Nothing is so difficult to define as the customary qualification of the belle of a country assembly. Face or person it certainly is not; for take a stranger into the room, and it is at least two to one but he will fix on twenty damsels prettier than the country queen; nor, to do the young gentlemen justice, is it fortune or connexion; for, so as the lady come within the prescribed limits of county gentility, (which, by the way, are

sufficiently arbitrary and exclusive) nothing more is required in a beauty—whatever might be expected in a wife; fortune it is not, still less is it rank, and least of all accomplishments. In short, it seems to me equally difficult to define what is the requisite and what is not; for, on looking back through twenty years to the successive belles of the B—shire balls, I cannot fix on any one definite qualification. One damsel seemed to me chosen for gaiety and good-humour, a merry, laughing girl; another for haughtiness and airs; one because her father was hospitable, another because her mother was pleasant; one became fashionable because related to a fashionable poet, whilst another stood on her own independent merits as one of the boldest riders in the hunt, and earned her popularity at night by her exploits in the morning.

Among the whole list, the one who commanded the most universal admiration, and seemed to me to approach nearest to the common notion of a pretty woman, was the high-born and graceful Constance Lisle. Besides being a tall, elegant figure, with finely chiselled features and a pale but delicate complexion, relieved by large dark eyes full of sensibility, and a profusion of glossy, black hair, her whole air and person were eminently distinguished by that undefinable look of fashion and high breeding, that indisputable stamp of superiority, which, for want of a better word, we are content to call style. Her manners were in admirable keeping with her appearance. Gentle, gracious, and self-possessed, courteous to all and courting none; she received the flattery to which she had been accustomed from her cradle as mere words of course, and stimulated the ardour of her admirers by her calm non-notice infinitely more than a finished coquette would have done by all the *agaceries* of the most consummate vanity.

Nothing is commoner than the affectation of indifference. But the indifference of Miss Lisle was so obviously genuine, that the most superficial coxcomb that buzzed around her could hardly suspect its reality. She heeded admiration no more than the queen of the garden, the lady lily, whom she so much resembled in modest dignity. It played around her as the sunny air of June around the snow-white flower, her common and natural atmosphere.

This was perhaps one reason for the number of beaux who fluttered round Constance. It puzzled and piqued them. They were unused to be of so little consequence to a young lady, and could not make it out. Another cause might perhaps be found in the splendid fortune which she inherited from her mother, and which, even independently of her expectations from her father, rendered her the greatest match and richest heiress in the county.

Richard Lisle, her father, a second son of the ancient family of Lisle of Lisle-End, had been one of those men born, as it seems, to fortune, with whom every undertaking prospers through a busy life. Of an ardent and enterprising temper, at once impetuous and obstinate, he had mortally offended his father and elder brother by refusing to take orders and to accept in due season the family livings, which time out of mind had been the provision of the second sons of their illustrious house. Rejected by his relations, he had gone out as an adventurer to India, had been taken into favour by the head-partner of a great commercial house, married his daughter, entered the civil service of the Company, been resident at the court of one native prince and governor of the forfeited territory of another, had accumulated wealth through all the various means by which in India money has been found to make money, and finally returned to England a widower, with an only daughter and one of the largest fortunes ever brought from the gorgeous East.

Very different had been the destiny of the family at home. Old Sir Rowland Lisle (for the name was to be found in one of the earliest pages of the Baronetage) an expensive, ostentatious man, proud of his old ancestry, of his old place, and of his old English hospitality, was exactly the man to involve any estate, however large its amount; and, when two contests for the county had brought in their train, debt and mortgages, and he had recourse to horse-racing and hazard to deaden the sense of his previous imprudence, nobody was astonished to find him dying of grief and shame, a heart-broken and almost ruined man.

His eldest son, Sir Everard, was perfectly free from either of these destructive vices; but he, besides an abundant portion of irritability, obstinacy, and family pride, had one quality quite as fatal to the chance of redeeming his embarrassed fortunes as the electioneering and gambling propensities of his father—to wit, a love of litigation so strong and predominant that it assumed the form of a passion.

He plunged instantly into law-suits with creditor and neighbour, and, in despite of the successive remonstrances of his wife, a high-born and gentle-spirited woman, who died a few years after their marriage, of his daughter, a strong-minded girl, who, moderately provided for by a female relation, married at eighteen a respectable clergyman, and of his son, a young man of remarkable promise still at college, he had contrived, by the time his brother returned from India, not only to mortgage nearly the whole of his estate, but to get into dispute or litigation with almost every gentleman for ten miles round.

The arrival of the governor afforded some ground of hope to the few remaining friends of the family. He was known to be a man of sense and probity, and by no means deficient in pride after his own fashion; and no one doubted but a reconciliation would take place, and a part of the nabob's rupees be applied to the restoration of the fallen glories of Lisle-End. With that object in view, a distant relation contrived to produce a seemingly accidental interview at his own house between the two brothers, who had had no sort of intercourse, except an interchange of cold letters on their father's death, since the hour of their separation.

Never was mediation more completely unsuccessful. They met as cold and reluctant friends; they parted as confirmed and bitter enemies. Both, of course, were to blame, and equally of course, each laid the blame on the other. Perhaps the governor's intentions might be the kindest. Undoubtedly his manner was the worst: for, scolding, haranguing, and laying down the law, as he had been accustomed to do in India, he at once offered to send his nephew abroad with the certainty of accumulating an ample fortune, and to relieve his brother's estate from mortgage, and allow him a handsome income on the small condition of taking possession himself of the family mansion and the family property—a proposal coldly and stiffly refused by the elder brother, who, without deigning to notice the second proposition, declined his son's entering into the service of a commercial company, much in the spirit and almost in the words of Rob Roy, when the good Baillie Nicol Jarvie proposed to apprentice his hopeful offspring to the mechanical occupation of a weaver. The real misfortune of the interview was that the parties were too much alike, both proud, both irritable, both obstinate, and both too much accustomed to deal with their inferiors.

The negotiation failed completely; but the governor, clinging to his native place with a mixed feeling compounded of love for the spot and hatred to its proprietor, purchased at an exorbitant price an estate close at hand, built a villa, and laid out grounds with the usual magnificence of an Indian, bought every acre of land that came under sale for miles around, was shrewdly suspected of having secured some of Sir Everard's numerous mortgages, and in short proceeded to invest Lisle-End just as formally as the besieging army sat down before the citadel of Antwerp. He spared no pains to annoy his enemy; defended all the actions brought by his brother, the lord of many manors, against trespassers and poachers; disputed his motions at the vestry; quarrelled with his decisions on the bench; turned Whig because Sir Everard was a Tory; and set the whole parish and half the county by the ears by his incessant squabbles.

Amongst the gentry, his splendid hospitality, his charming daughter, and the exceeding unpopularity of his adversary, who at one time or other had been at law with nearly all of them, commanded many partizans. But the common people, frequently great sticklers for hereditary right, adhered for the most part to the cause of their landlord—ay, even those with whom he had been disputing all his life long. This might be partly ascribed to their universal love for the young Squire Henry, whose influence among the poor fairly balanced

that of Constance among the rich; but the chief cause was certainly to be found in the character of the governor himself.

At first it seemed a fine thing to have obtained so powerful a champion in every little scrape. They found, however, and pretty quickly, that in gaining this new and magnificent protector they had also gained a master. Obedience was a necessary of life to our Indian, who, although he talked about liberty and equality, and so forth, and looked on them abstractedly as excellent things, had no very exact practical idea of their operation, and claimed in England the same "awful rule and just supremacy" which he had exercised in the East. Every thing must bend to his sovereign will and pleasure, from the laws of cricket to the laws of the land; so that the sturdy farmers were beginning to grumble, and his *protégés*, the poachers, to rebel, when the sudden death of Sir Everard put an immediate stop to his operations and his enmity.

For the new Sir Henry, a young man beloved by every body, studious and thoughtful, but most amiably gentle and kind, his uncle had always entertained an involuntary respect, a respect due at once to his admirable conduct and his high-toned and interesting character. They knew each other by sight, but had never met until a few days after the funeral, when the governor repaired to Lisle-End in deep mourning, shook his nephew heartily by the hand, condoled with him on his loss, begged to know in what way he could be of service to him, and finally renewed the offer to send him out to India, with the same advantages that would have attended his own son, which he had previously made to Sir Everard. The young heir thanked him with a smile rather tender than glad, which gave its sweet expression to his countenance, sighed deeply, and put into his hand a letter "which he had found," he said, "amongst his poor father's papers, and which must be taken for his answer to his uncle's generous and too tempting offers."

"You refuse me then?" asked the governor.

"Read that letter, and tell me if I can do otherwise. Only read that letter," resumed Sir Henry; and his uncle, curbing with some difficulty his natural impatience, opened and read the paper.

It was a letter from a dying father to a beloved son, conjuring him by the duty he had ever shown, to obey his last injunction, and neither to sell, let, alienate, nor leave, Lisle-End; to preserve the estate entire and undiminished so long as the rent sufficed to pay the interest of the mortgages; and to live among his old tenantry in "his own old halls so long as the ancient structure would yield him shelter. "Do this, my beloved son," pursued the letter, "and take your father's tenderest blessing; and believe that a higher blessing will follow on the sacrifice of interest, ambition, and worldly enterprise, to the will of a dying parent. You have obeyed my injunctions living—do not scorn them dead. Again and again I bless you, prime solace of a life of struggle, my dear, my dutiful, son!"

"Could I disobey?" inquired Sir Henry, as his uncle returned him the letter; "could it even be a question?"

"No!" replied the governor peevishly. "But to mew you up with the deer and the pheasants in this wild old park, to immure a fine, spirited lad in this huge old mansion along with family-pictures and suits of armour, and all for a whim, a crochek, which can answer no purpose upon earth—it's enough to drive a man mad!"

"It will not be for long," returned Sir Henry gently. "Short as it is, my race is almost run. And then, thanks to the unbroken entail—the entail which I never could prevail to have broken, when it might have spared him so much misery—the park, mansion, estate, even the armour and the family pictures, will pass into much better hands—into yours. And Lisle-End will once more flourish in splendour and hospitality."

The young baronet smiled as he said this; but the governor, looking on his tall, slender figure and pallid cheek, felt that it was likely to be true, and, wringing his hand in silence, was about to depart, when Sir Henry begged him to remain a moment longer.

"I have still one favour to beg of you, my dear uncle—one favour which I may beg. When last I saw Miss Lisle at the house of my sister Mrs. Beauchamp (for I have twice accidentally had the happiness to meet

her there) she expressed a wish that you had such a piece of water in your grounds as that at the east end of the park, which luckily adjoins your demesne. She would like, she said, a pleasure-veasel on that pretty lake. Now I may not sell, or let, or alienate—but surely I may lend. And, if you will accept this key, and she will deign to use as her own the Lisle-End mere, I need not, I trust, say how sacred from all intrusion from me or mine the spot would prove, or how honoured I should feel myself if it could contribute, however slightly, to her pleasure. Will you tell her this?"

"You had better come and tell her yourself."

"No! Oh no!"

"Well, then, I suppose I must."

And the governor went slowly home whistling, not for "want of thought," but as a frequent custom of his when any thing vexed him.

About a month after this conversation, the father and daughter were walking through a narrow piece of woodland which divided the highly ornamented gardens of the governor, with their miles of gravel walks and acres of American borders, from the magnificent park of Lisle-End. The scene was beautiful, and the weather, a sunny day in early May, shewed the landscape to an advantage, belonging, perhaps to no other season: on the one hand, the gorgeous shrubs, trees, and young plantations of the new place, the larch in its tenderest green, lilacs, laburnums, and horse-chestnuts, in their flowery glory, and the villa, with its irregular and oriental architecture, rising above all; on the other, the magnificent oaks and beeches in the park, now stretching its avenues, now clumped on its swelling lawns, (for the ground was remarkable for its inequality of surface) now reflected in the clear water of the lake, into which the woods sometimes advanced in mimic promontories, receding again into tiny bays, by the side of which the dappled deer lay in herds beneath the old thorns; whilst, on an eminence, at a considerable distance, the mansion, a magnificent structure of Elizabeth's day, with its gable-ends and clustered chimneys, stood silent and majestic as a pyramid in the desert. The spot on which they stood had a character of extraordinary beauty, and yet differed from either scene. It was a wild glen, through which an irregular footpath led to the small gate in the park, of which Sir Henry had sent Constance the key, the shelving banks on either side clothed with furze in the fullest blossom, which scented the air with its rich fragrance, and would almost have dazzled the eye with its golden lustre but for a few scattered firs and hollies, and some straggling clumps of the feathery birch. The nightingales were singing around, the wood-pigeons cooing overhead, and the father and daughter passed slowly and silently along, as if engrossed by the sweetness of the morning and the loveliness of the scene.

They were thinking of nothing less; as was proved by the first question of the governor, who, always impatient of any pause in the conversation, demanded of his daughter "what answer he was to return to the offer of Lord Fitzallen."

"A courteous refusal, my dear father, if you please," answered Constance.

"But I do not please," replied her father with his crossiest whistle. "Here you say No! and No! and No! to every body, instead of marrying some one or other of these young men who flock round you, and giving me the comfort of seeing a family of grandchildren about me in my old age. No to this lord! and No to that! I verily believe, Constance, that you mean to die an old maid."

"I do not expect to live to be an old maid," sighed Constance; "but nothing is so unlikely as my marrying."

"Whew!" ejaculated the governor. "So she means to die as well as her cousin! What has put that notion in your head, Constance? Are you ill?"

"Not particularly," replied the daughter. "But yet I am persuaded that my life will be a short one. And so, my dear father, as you told me the other day that now that I am of age I ought to make my will, I have just been following your advice."

"Oh! that accounts for your thinking of dying. Every body after first making a will expects not to survive above a week or two. I did not myself, I re-

member, some forty years ago, when, having scraped a few hundreds together, I thought it a duty to leave them to somebody. But I got used to the operation as I became richer and older. Well, Constance! you have a pretty little fortune to bequeath—about three hundred thousand pounds, as I take it. What have you done with your money?—not left it to me, I hope?"

"No, dear father, you desired me not."

"That's right. But whom have you made your heir? Your maid, Nannette? or your lap-dog, Bijou?—they are your prime pets—or the County Hospital? or the Literary Fund? or the National Gallery? or the British Museum?—eh, Constance?"

"None of these, dear father. I have left my property where it will certainly be useful, and I think well used—to my cousin Henry of Lisle-End."

"Her cousin Henry of Lisle-End!" re-echoed the father, smiling. "So, so! Her cousin Henry!"

"But keep my secret, I conjure you, dear father!" pursued Constance, eagerly.

"Her cousin Henry!" said the governor to himself, sitting down on the side of the bank to calculate: "her cousin Henry! And she may be queen of Lisle-End, as this key proves, queen of the lake, and the land, and the land's master. And the three hundred thousand pounds will more than clear away the mortgages, and I can take care of her jointure and the younger children. I like your choice exceedingly, Constance," continued her father, drawing her to him on the bank.

"Oh, my dear father, I beseech you keep my secret!"

"Yes, yes, we'll keep the secret quite as long as it shall be necessary. Don't blush so, my charmer, for you have no need. Let me see—there must be a six months' mourning—but the preparations may be going on just the same. And, in spite of my foolish brother and his foolish will, my Constance will be lady of Lisle-End."

And within six months the wedding did take place; and, if there could be a happier person than the young bridegroom or his lovely bride, it was the despotic but kind-hearted governor.

THE YOUNG FISHERMAN.

BY MRS. HOFFLAND.

"MYSELF and friend intended to stay here some days, for the purpose of angling in your beautiful stream," said Mr. Strickland to the landlord of a little inn in Hampshire; "but we cannot get on for want of minnows, which it seems can neither be caught nor bought."

"I hope your honours will not lose your sport, nor I my guests, for want of minnows; they may be scarce but I'll be bound little Locke Eastwood will find some, for he understands all about fishing, is a very curious creature, and has what I call a *genus* for everything.—I'll see after him directly."

As the landlord set out, Mr. Latham (the other gentleman) observed, that "too probably the genius in question was an idle boy, with a taste for sport rather than work, but gifted with the eye and the tact required in the art of angling."

Under this idea he was about to question the master of the Red Lion further, when that person returned with the welcome information that Locke Eastwood had promised to be up before sunrise, and procure their honours the minnows.

"But can we depend upon him? that is the question."

"Any body hereabouts, sir, would take Locke's word for twenty pounds; and if you'd a seen how hard he worked to finish binding the faggots, in order that he might feed his donkey, and then get his own supper and be off to bed, you'd have had no fear for his rising."

The promise was verified; for at an early hour, as the gentlemen took their way towards the river, they saw the boy pursuing his avocation, and were alike struck by the sunny good-humour beaming in his handsome though sunburnt features; they remarked, also, the neatness of his homely dress, the whiteness of his shirt, and the cleanness of his hands, from which they concluded that he had respectable female relations. His personal characteristics were, however, soon forgotten in his success, which had been so great, that

they told him they should have no occasion for more; and after paying very liberally for that which they had despaired of securing, added, "that they wished to have such a handy boy along with them, as he would be useful with the landing-net."

The youth looked at the half crown in his hand as if it had not only a claim on his gratitude, but his future services, yet he had much labour to perform at home; and after some hesitation he said, "he wished to go, for he could point out some good spots for a few old trout; but he must speak to his grandmother first; as his home lay in the way to the mill-dam, it would not hinder the gentlemen."

A short time sufficed to bring the party to the humble abode of dame Eastwood and our young fisherman. It was a cottage of small dimensions, but nearly surrounded by a garden full of various produce; and so neat, that Mr. Latham immediately said, "Who manages your garden, my man?"

"I dig and set, and do the rough, myself, sir; grandmother weeds and gathers, and does all she can, being very handy."

As he spoke, a respectable woman about sixty, with a neat cap and apron, came forward to await the commands of the stranger, or invite them to rest. The boy immediately put the money he had received into her hands, saying, "The gentlemen wish me to go with them to fish; but perhaps you cannot spare me?"

"My dear Locke, I must spare you, for your services are already paid for;" and she added, turning to the gentlemen, "my grandson is the best of boys, and has a right to a little pleasure sometimes; besides, it will take him away from his book; so that I am every way thankful for your offer."

They departed; and on the way Mr. Strickland, who had been much struck by the general propriety of Mrs. Eastwood's appearance, and a certain air of superiority which was visible in her manners, could not forbear to comment on her words, by saying, "Is it possible that your grandmother objects to your getting a little education, my boy?"

"Oh no, sir; she would be very sorry indeed if I could not read and write; but I happen to be very fond of poring over all kinds of books, and we are sadly too poor to afford the time; besides, she has a kind of natural dread that I should grow up an author."

"An author!" cried both the gentlemen in a breath.

"Yes, sir; if my poor grandfather, on my mother's side, was one; and seeing he suffered distress and disappointment all his life, and brought us low in the world (though he was as good a man as any in it), no wonder she is afraid for me."

"But you cannot believe it possible that you could write a book, Locke?" said Mr. Strickland.

"Yes,* I think I could, sir; only people say there is a thing called grammar that no book could be without; and it is certain I know nothing of that;—as to the rest, I not only think I could write a book, but that I ought to do it."

"Are you already poetical, my young friend?"

"Oh no, sir, that is quite away too grand for a poor lad like me to think about: my book would be to tell people how to bring up poultry, and to get proper bait for different kinds of fish, and suitable kinds of manure for various kinds of vegetables, where to pick the best food for donkeys, how to choose the best willows for baskets, the best rushes for mats, and how—how—"

"Go forward," said Mr. Latham; "how to do what?"

The boy blushed excessively as he added, "how people that are very poor may struggle on without help from the parish, as grandmother and I manage to do."

"In that case, my boy, your book would be the best the world has seen for a few centuries."

"Oh no, it could only help poor boys like myself—it would not be like my dear grandfather's, and still less like those written by John Locke, after whom he named me."

"What was your grandfather's name?" said Mr. Strickland.

"Mr. H——n, sir; he wrote a great deal in magazines, and made books, also, that were published over and over."

* These were the very words of a poor boy (to a friend of mine), whose successful industry and benevolent intention well merited recording.

"That they certainly were," said Mr. Strickland, "and well merited to be, though the author, from motives of modesty, withheld his name; do you remember him, Locke?"

"I remember that he taught me to read, and that, as I stood between his legs, he would stroke my hair and sigh very deeply, and that I used to wonder why the tears were in his eyes; and then father would draw his arm under his, and say, 'Come, let us walk into the meadows' it will do you good, my dear sir.' I recollect but little more."

"Was your father a farmer, my boy?"

"Yes, sir, he was: both he and mother, and little sister, died of a fever soon after he was ruined and forced to go into the cottage which you have just seen."

"Ruined!—how came your father to be ruined?"

"I believe, sir, it is easy for farmers to be ruined, even if they mean very well, and are very careful; to be sure, I have been told, that after his marriage, father took to reading, which, of course, was bad for him, and that mother, though she worked too much, didn't know how to manage—besides, neither could bear to see dear grandfather go to prison in his old age, so they paid his debts, and that, with a distemper among the cows, quite reduced them, and, as it were, prepared them to die by the fever."

"And you, Locke, were left utterly destitute?"

"Not quite that; for father owed nothing to any one, and everybody respected poor grandmother Eastwood; but the sickness and the funerals took all—they left us almost without a crust."

The memory of this afflicting period in his history overcame even the cheerful temperament of the narrator, who burst into bitter tears; nor could he utter another word until he arrived at the place to which he had become guide, when, rousing himself to action, he entered into the business of the day. The anglers succeeded in gaining a fine basket of fish, and were sensible that he had been the principal means of obtaining it.

"You are really an expert fisherman, Locke; do you gain any thing by your knowledge?"

"I have not a tackle for trout, or I could make it answer; but I get pretty well of roach and dace, and now and then a few eels, which are better worth having. My grandmother pots them very nicely, and we sell them at Basingstoke—any thing to get an honest penny by, and, thank God! we pay our rent famously now-a-days."

"Perhaps you have a kind landlord?"

"Yes, sir, he's kind, but very particular in being paid punctually. He gave me my donkey because we were so exact; and quite a treasure it is. All our garden-stuff it carries to market, and brings back things for the neighbours. Many's the twopenny I get, because they know I shall choose the right thing. I take the donkey, too, when I get the mushrooms we make ketchup of, and the herbs for grandmother to distill; and whilst I look for them, the poor creature finds a meal for himself."

"I now see," said Mr. Latham, "why your worthy relation fears that you should consume time in reading, and that it is wise and good in you to refrain from it; but I hope it is not very painful to you?"

"Not if I am busy, sir; otherwise I should really pine after books. I know, also, that dear granny loves them as well as I do; so I think if she, who is old, gives up an indulgence, well may I do it, who can run about and find pleasure in every thing."

A few days closed the intercourse between our poor boy and his temporary patrons, who talked frequently about him, and often concluded that his abilities were of a far higher order than could be developed in his situation. They nevertheless thought that his present happiness and independence were such that it would be unwise to disturb it, and by that means probably introduce him to wishes that could not be gratified, and sorrows which could not be remedied. Far better was his present state than that of the long suffering grand-sire, whose sad story they had read in the "Calamities of Authors," and whose wants they had contributed to relieve through the Literary Fund.

About two years afterwards, as Mr. Strickland was one morning passing Middlesex Hospital, he saw a person advancing slowly, as if to take possession of a space in the open pavement, with a pile of willow cages on

his head, and his arms loaded with baskets. The almost invisible mover formed a grotesque spectacle, and attracted the attention of two mischievous elves, who, by a preconcerted plan ran simultaneously against him in such a manner, that he was thrown off his centre; his light merchandise scattered and rolled into the dust.

Stepping briskly forward, Mr. Strickland gave one of the boys a stroke with his cane, and seized the other by the arm, intending to turn him over for punishment to the injured party. This youth, who was clearing the path and securing his property, on seeing the culprit, and comprehending why he was seized, called out, "Please, sir, to let him go,—he deserves beating, but he is too little for me to meddle with him."

The tone of the voice, and something in the countenance, struck Mr. Strickland as familiar to his memory, but yet "those thin, sharp features, that tall, wasted form was unknown," until, with an exulting voice, the basket-seller exclaimed—"Oh! I am so glad to see you, sir. I have not seen a face I knew in all London—but indeed I beg pardon for being so bold—I am the boy who got your honour the minnows at Natley."

"Is it indeed you, my poor Locke? What brought you here?"

"My troubles, sir. Poor grandmother has been six weeks in that hospital; but, thank God! she is doing very well, so I am quite in heart again."

"But have you left your pretty cottage entirely?"

"Yes, sir; we were forced to turn out, our losses came so thick upon us. First the damsons failed entirely, and they used to pay half our rent; then the slugs ate all my winter greens and French beans; and, lack a day! a poor hare ran into the garden one morning, as my grandmother stood by the open door, and all the hunt followed. They ruined the ground; but what was far worse, they knocked her down, and hurt her so much she was ill the whole winter, and all we had in the world went in vain, yet would not make her well again."

"How came you here, Locke?"

"Our good landlord, he who gave me my donkey, got a friend to put grandmother into this great house, and he sent her in the waggon, and I walked beside her to keep up her spirits. We had nothing left, and I have been sadly pinched; but I have made shift to buy her a little coffee, and the doctors let me see her pretty often, and are very kind every way. In a few weeks she will be out and quite well, they say; and then I must look round for a place hereabouts, for our own dear cottage is now let to other people, and the garden ploughed up."

"I fear you have little chance of gaining another here."

"Well, then, I must keep her in my own attic, though she will want the sunshine and the sweet air sadly in her weak state."

"I fear, Locke, she will want more substantial things also."

"Why, no, sir; I hope now to get forward; you see I have a good stock of willow work to sell in the mornings, and I can earn three shillings a week by writing for the law-stationers: sometimes I get a job by tying and sorting things at Covent Garden; and if I had decent clothes, I know a schoolmaster who would employ me to teach the little ones, and to mend pens; and perhaps in time I might get to be parish clerk, for they have a very young man for one at a great church in this city, who keeps his mother, and does a deal of good among poor children beside."

"And you would like to do that, Locke, I really believe."

"To be sure I should, sir; with such a great man for a grandfather as I have had, and such a good grandmother as I now have, it would be a shame if I did not desire to do good, though I am forced to think of my own wants first."

A passer-by began to bargain for a cage, and Mr. Strickland, giving his card to Locke, and appointing a time to receive him, passed on; being eager to see his friend Latham, who, having property in the neighbourhood of London, and being a truly benevolent man, was likely to unite in any scheme in assisting a youth who had so fully proved that he deserved encouragement.

A few weeks after this happy meeting, Mrs. East-

wood quitted the asylum in which she had regained her health, and repaired with her grandson to a place in Isleworth, where the two gentlemen had appointed to meet them; from thence they all walked to a small house, decently furnished, in the midst of a market-garden, well stocked and fenced, which they were told to consider as their future home, on payment of a moderate rent.

Judge if you can, my dear young readers, what was the surprise, the delight, the gratitude of poor Locke, as his eye glanced on the pale but happy countenance of his beloved grandmother, and thence to the lovely scene around him. The expanse of well-cultivated earth—scene of his future labours; the flowing Thames, covered with boats, in which sat numerous anglers; the long island planted with willows, and beyond that the ivy-mantled towers of the church,—pressed upon him alike a sense of future, and of actual wealth in possession, which filled his heart with joy, his eyes with tears, but for a short time rendered him incapable of speaking; and to the good old woman was resigned the happy task of thanking their benefactors.

But perhaps our friend Locke had pleasure quite as sweet, though less overpowering, when, after paying his rent last Lady-day, he laid two new sovereigns and two shillings on the table, and again for a short space was silent.

"What are these for, my good fellow?" said Mr. Latham.

"Perhaps, sir, as I believe you belong to them, you will give one guinea to that good society which relieves poor authors; I think every body who *any way* can, ought to help that."

"You are right, Locke; every body *ought*, though few *do*."

"The other I wish to give to the sick author Mr. —, who I take to be in my poor grandfather's situation. I want, too, to say, that as (through your honour's goodness) we have now a tidy house, good milk, pure air, sweet vegetables, and peace and quietness, if he would like to come to us we might nurse him well; put perhaps that would be taking too great a liberty with a man of his genius?"

"By no means, my young friend, for not only does your sympathy and benevolence, your constant and successful industry for several trying years, give you the right, but your abilities and virtues also. How often have you planted cabbages in your garden when you earnestly desired to plant ideas in your mind—and who shall say that they would not have yielded an equal increase? In obeying the call of duty you have conquered that of inclination; and by your steady self-control, your manly cheerfulness, and resolute exertions of natural ingenuity in various works of utility, have proved yourself to be the worthy descendant of a man of genius, though I once laughed at the term, when applied to my "little fisherman."

THE BRIDGE OF TENACHELLE.

BY SAMUEL FERGUSON, ESQ.

The dawn of an autumn day was beginning to expose the havoc of a storm, the last gusts of which still shrieked through the stripped forests of Baun Regan, when two mounted fugitives appeared among its tangled and haggard recesses, urging their horses over the plashy brakes and cumbered glades at a speed which plainly told that they were flying for life or death. In the grey uncertain twilight, as they flitted, wavering and swift, from shadow to shadow, it was barely distinguishable that one was a female; and, but for the deep panting of their exhausted horses and the snapping and rustling of the leafy ruins underfoot, as they plunged down the thickly strewn alleys of the forest, they might have passed for the spirits of some stormy hunter and huntress, chasing the night-shadows for their game, so ghostly, wan and unsubstantial, seemed everything around them. But the assiduous hand of the horseman on the slackening reins of his companion, the whisperings of encouragement and assurance at every pause in their speed, and, above all, the frequent

look behind, would soon have betrayed their mortal nature, their human passion, their love, and fear, and danger.

They were the Lady Anna Darcy and the Earl of Kildare, who had fled together from Dunamare, where he had lately been under arrest, and were now hastening to the Geraldine's county of Offaly. Their story is soon told: the noble prisoner had won the daughter of his keeper to aid in his escape, and to accompany his flight and fortunes.

By degrees, as the morning advanced, the evidence of their sufferings through the wet night they had passed became more and more apparent. The earl's plume hung dripping and torn over his brows; his cloak fluttered in rent shreds, or clung to his stained armour; his face was torn with briars, and his horse's flanks were as red from the high furze and goring thickets as from the spur; for they had attempted their passage by a horse-track of the deep forest, and had strayed in the tempestuous midnight from even that dangerous pathway. It was a sad sight to look on such beauty as shone through the wretched plight of his companion, clad in so forlorn and comfortless a wreck of all that a tender woman needs upon an inclement journey. But, although the rain had beaten down her long hair till it hung heavily against her cheek, it had not weighed the rich curl out of it; nor had her eyes been dazzled into any dimness by the lightnings: her cheek was blanched, it might be as much from the washing of the recent showers and chill dews as from apprehension; but neither fear nor the violence of piercing winds and rain, had subdued an unconquerable grace and stateliness that asserted its innate nobility over her whole person, relaxed although it was, and sinking under almost insupportable fatigue.

"I would give the best castle in Offaly," cried the earl, in deep distress and impatience, "for one sight of the bridge of Tenachelle, with my ten true men upon the hill beyond. Hold up a little longer, dearest lady; had we crossed yonder ridge, we should see the Barrow beneath us, and, that once passed, all would be well. Alas, for thy poor hands! how they tremble on those reins! Would to God that I could bear this in thy place!"

"Better this," she replied, her faltering voice attesting how much she suffered, "better even this than what I fly from; and I am not yet so weary—although my hands are numbed upon this cold damp bridle. I think more of my poor Sylvio's hardships"—and she patted the drooping neck of her palfrey, willing, perhaps, to hide a tear that she could not restrain, by bending aside, "Alas! my lord, the poor animal is failing momentarily. I shall never be able to urge him up this hill." While commiserating her palfrey's weariness, Lady Anna had turned her eyes from the face of her companion, and it was well that she did not see the sick and despairing pang that crossed his features, as he looked along the opening glade in the opposite direction; for, right between them and the yellow sunrise, there came down a party of horsemen, their figures and numbers distinctly marked against the sky, although still more than a mile distant; and, as the earl cast his eyes over the broad expanse of treetops and green hills, he all at once saw them on the ridge of the horizon. "Lady Anna," said he in a low voice strangely altered, "Anna, love, the road is here more level; let us hasten on."

"Hast seen any one, my lord?" she inquired hastily, raising herself at his words, and looking round in alarm—but the pursuers were already out of sight, within the shadow of the hill. "Is there any new danger, Gerald?" she again asked, as he put his hand to her reins, and shook out her palfrey into a canter in silence.

"None, dearest: no more danger than we have been in all the night—but lash your horse," he cried, with involuntary earnestness; "lash him now, love, and do not spare!" and then again, endeavouring to conceal the cause of his agitation—"If we be not at the bridge by dawn, my men may have withdrawn out of sight of the O'More's country; therefore, hurry on, for the sun is already up, and we may not find them there."

They strained up the hill at the top of the exhausted palfrey's speed, and the lady for a while seemed satisfied. "Why dost thou look behind so often, my lord?"

she said at length, turning her head along with him. "I see nothing but the tops of trees and the red sky."

"Nor do I, Anna," he replied: "but do not turn in the saddle; for, weary as thy palfrey is, he needs all thy care: hold him up, dearest—on, on!"

"We are pursued then," she cried, turning deadly pale, and the earl's countenance for a moment bespoke hesitation whether to stop and support her at all hazards or still to urge her on. "We are pursued," she cried; "I know it, and we must be overtaken. Oh, leave me, Gerald! leave me and save thyself!" The earl said not a word, but shook up her palfrey's head once more, and, drawing his dagger, goaded him with its point till the blood sprang.

"Oh, my poor Sylvio!" was all the terrified girl could say, as, stung with pain and reeling from weakness, the creature put forth its last and most desperate efforts.

They had struggled on for another minute, and were now topping the last eminence between them and the river, when a shout rang out of the woods behind. The lady shrieked—the earl struck the steel deeper into her palfrey's shoulder, and, stooping to his own saddle-bow, held him up with his left hand, bending to the laborious task till his head was sunk between the horses' necks. "Anna!" he cried, "I can see nothing for Sylvio's mane. Look out between the trees, and tell me if thou seest my ten men on the hill of Clemgaunc."

"I see," replied the lady, "the whole valley flooded from side to side, and the trees standing like islands in the water."

"But my men, Anna? my men? look out beyond the bridge."

"The bridge is a black stripe upon the flood: I cannot see the arches."

"But, beyond the bridge," he cried, in the intervals of his exertion, now becoming every moment more and more arduous; for the spent palfrey was only kept from falling by the sheer strength of his arm—"beyond the bridge, beside the pollard elm—my ten men—are they not there?"

"Alas! no, my lord, I cannot see them. But, Mother of Mercies!" she shuddered, looking round—"I see them now behind us!" Another shout of mingled voices execrating and exulting sounded from the valley as she spoke.

The earl struck his brow with his gauntleted hand, yielding for the first time to his excess of grief and anguish, for he had raised his head, and had seen all along the opposite hills the bare, unbroken solitude that offered neither hope of help nor means of escape. Yet he girded himself up for a last effort: he drew his horse close to the palfrey's side, and, "Dear Anna," he said, "cast thine arms now round my neck, and let me lift thee on before me: black Memnon will bear us both like the wind—nay, dally not," for the sensitive girl shrunk for a moment from the proposal; "remember thy promise in the chapel on the rock," and he passed his arm round her waist, and, at one effort, lifted her from the saddle; while she, blushing deeply, yet yielding to the imperative necessity of the moment, clasped her arms round his neck, and aided in drawing herself up upon the black charger's shoulder. The palfrey, the moment it lost the supporting hand of the earl, staggered forward, and, though relieved of its burden, fell headlong to the ground. The pursuers were now so near that they could see plainly what had been done, and their cries expressed the measure of their rage and disappointment; for the strong war-horse, although doubly burdened, yet thundered down the hill at a pace that promised to keep his start; and hope once more revived in the fainting hearts of the earl and the lady.

"Now, thanks to Heaven!" he cried, as he found the powerful charger stretching out under them with renewed vigour; "thank Heaven that struck down the slow-paced loiterer in this good time!—Now, Memnon, bear us but over yonder hill, and earn a stall of carved oak and a rack of silver! Ah, the good steed! thou shalt feed him from thine own white hands yet, lady, in the courts of Castle Ley!—Look back now, lovely Anna, and tell me what they do behind."

The lady raised her head from his shoulder, and cast a glance along the road they had traversed. "I see them plying whip and spur," she said, "but they are

not gaining on us—Red Raymond rides foremost, and Owen and the three rangers; I know them all; but, oh, Mary mother, shield me! I see my father and Sir Robert Verdun: oh, speed thee, good horse, speed!" and she hid her face again upon his breast, and they descended the hill which overhung the Barrow.

The old channel of the river was no longer visible; the flood had overspread its banks, and far across the flat holms on the opposite side swept along in a brown, eddying, and rapid deluge. The bridge of Tenachelle spanned from the nearer bank to a raised causeway beyond, the solid masonry of which, resisting the overland inundations, sent the flood with double impetuosity through the three choked arches over its usual bed; for there, the main current and the backwater rushing together, heaved struggling round the abutments, till the watery war swelled and surged over the rangewall and fell upon the roadwall of the bridge itself with solid shocks, like seas upon a ship's deck. Eager for passage as a man might be whose life and the life of his dearer self were at stake, yet, for an instant, the earl checked his horse, as the long line of peninsulated road lay before him—a high tumultuous sea on one side; a roaring gulf of whirlpools, foam, and gushing cataracts, on the other. The lady gave one look at the scene, and sank her head to the place whence she had raised it. As he felt her clasp him more closely and draw herself up for the effort, his heart shamed him to think that he had blenched from a danger which a devoted girl was willing to dare: he drove his spurs into his horse's flanks, and Memnon sprang forward on the bridge. The roadway returned no hollow reverberation now, for every arch was gorged to the key-stone with a compact mass of water, and, in truth, there was a gurgling and hissing as the river was sucking in, and a rushing roar where it spouted out in level waterfalls, that would have drowned the trampling of a hundred hoofs. Twice did the waves sweep past them, rolling at each stroke the ruins of a breach in the upper rangewall over the road, till the stones dashed against the opposite masonry; and twice were both covered with the spray flung from the abutments: but Memnon bore them on through stream and ruin, and they gained the causeway safe.

The earl's heart lightened as he found himself again on solid ground, though still plunging girth-deep at times through the flooded hollows; but they passed the embankment also in safety, and were straining up the hill beyond, when the cries of the pursuers, which had been heard over all the storm of waters ever since their entrance on the bridge, suddenly ceased. There was the loud report of an arquebuss, and Memnon leaped off all his feet, plunged forward, reeled, and dropped dead. Red Raymond's arquebuss was still smoking, as he sprang foremost of his troop upon the bridge. Behind him came Lord Darcy, furious with rage and exultation. "Secure him first," he cried, "secure him, before he gets from under the fallen horse—bind him hand and foot!—Ah, villain, he shall hang from the highest oak in Clan Malir! and, for her, Sir Robert, she shall be thy wife—I swear it by the bones of my father, before that risen sun hath set! Come on!" and he gave his horse lead, but suddenly his reins were seized on right and left by his attendants. "Villains, let go my reins!" he cried; "would ye aid the traitor in his escape?" and, striking the rowels deep into his steed, he made him burst from their grasp; but, almost at the same instant, he pulled up with a violence that threw him on his haunches, for a dozen voices shouted, "Back, Raymond, back!" and a cry arose that the bridge was breaking, and the long line of roadway did suddenly seem to heave and undulate with the undulating current. It was well for Lord Darcy that he did so; for, the next instant, and before his horse's fore feet had ceased to paw the air, down went the whole three arches with a crash, swallowed up and obliterated in the irresistible waters. Among the sheets of spray and flashing water thrown up by the falling ruin, and the whirlpools of foamy froth from the disjointed masonry, and the tumult of driving timbers, and the general disruption of road and river, the musqueteer and his horse were seen sweeping for one moment down the middle of the stream, then rolled over and beaten under water, and tumbled in the universal vortex out of sight for ever.

Stunned, horrified, his horse trembling in every limb, and backing from the perilous verge abrupt at his feet, the baron sat gazing at the torrent that now rushed past him. The frightful death he had escaped—the danger he was even then in—the sudden apparition of the river's unbridled majesty, savage and bare, and exulting in its lonely strength—all the emotions of awe, terror, and amazement, crowded on his soul together. His daughter and her lover, it might be her husband or her paramour, lay within a gun-shot upon the hill before his eyes, for Anna had thrown herself by the side of the fallen and unextricated earl; but he saw them not, he thought not of them. He got off his horse like a man who awakens in sleep-walking, and grasped the nearest of his servants by the arm, as if seeking to make sure of the reality of their presence. "Ha!" he exclaimed, "this is a perilous flood, Geoffrey; we must have the scarp of the ditch looked to: but how is this? Ho, villains! where is my daughter? O fiends of hell am I here?" and he started at once to a full consciousness of his situation. He tore off his helmet and heavy breast-plate, but his servants crowded round him and withheld him from the river, for he cried that he would swim the torrent himself if none else would. "Dogs," cried he, "take off your hands! would you aid the rebellious girl—the traitor's leman—the leman of a Geraldine! Raymond, reload your arquebuss—red hound, where is he?—Ha! drowned? O slaves and cowards, to let him be lost before your eyes and stand idly by! Owen Garreboyle, thou art my foster-brother; Sir Robert Verdun, thou hast been my son in bounties numberless: will you see me robbed of my child in old age, nor strike a stroke for gratitude or fealty? Is there no man here will venture in for the love of my father's son?"

At this last appeal his foster-brother threw off his cloak. "Give me your hands, comrades," he said to his companions, "for, though the Barrow were a river of fire, I would go through it for the love of Mac Roger More."

"Not so," cried the distracted old man; "not so, my trusty kinsman; enough lost already, without thee, my bold and loyal brother! But, Sir Robert Verdun, I had looked for other conduct from thee to-day: there is the lady that I would have given to thee this morning—there, sitting by her paramour upon the hillside; and I tell thee I would rather let her marry him, Geraldine and rebel as he is, than bestow her on a faint-hearted craven as thou hast this day shown thyself to be."

"You wrong me, my lord," replied the knight; "you wrong me vilely. I would rather be the merest Irishman in Connaught than son-in-law of such a cruel tyrant and unnatural father."

"Get thee to Connaught, then, ungrateful traitor!—Go!" cried the enraged baron; and the knight, turning indignantly from his side, was soon lost to sight among the overhanging woods.

But, as he disappeared, there rose into view over the opposite hill a party of troopers, making at a rapid pace for the river. "They are the traitor's men," cried Darcy, "they will rescue him before my eyes!—and my child—oh would that she were rather dead! Shoot, villains!—let fly a flight of arrows, and slay them where they lie!" But he knew, as he uttered the unnatural command, that they were far beyond arrow-range, and that, even were they not so, no man of his company would bend a bow in obedience to it. A few shafts were discharged against the party descending the hill, but they fell short and disappeared in the water or among the rushes and underwood of the flooded holm.

"Gunpowder and lead alone can reach them," cried Garreboyle. "But the arquebuss is gone, and here is nought save wood and feather. Let them shout!"—for a cry of scorn and defiance sounded across the flood, as the servants of the earl relieved him from the fallen horse, and found him, past hope, unhurt—"let them shout: we shall meet yet with a fairer field between us. My lord, they are mounted again, and going."

"Let them go," said Darcy, without raising his eyes to witness their departure. He sullenly resumed his armour, sprang in silence upon his horse, struck him with the spurs, and, turning his head homeward, galloped back by the way he came.

A POOR MAN'S LIFE.

A VILLAGE STORY.

BY MARY HOWITT.

THERE is a certain village green,
Where an old hut may yet be seen,
Though shortly it must drop:
Its mossy roof is sinking lower;
Its bulging walls are bulging more,
Though staid by many a prop.

'Twas there, when a mischievous boy,
It was my everlasting joy
To meet another lad;—
A widow's only son was he;
Her wealth in all her poverty,
And all the good she had.

A happy lad this widow's son,
The king of frolic and of fun,
With cheeks red as a cherry;
And though his hat might want a brim,
It mattered not to me, nor him—
Good friends were we, and merry.

Years passed; and I a man was grown,
With other business of my own,
More weighty, more sedate;
And this poor friend, too, like myself,
Had put off the mischievous elf,
And grown to man's estate.

He, too, grew up; yet 'twas his pride
To nurse and cherish, till she died,
His mother in her cot:
And then he married; with his wife
Hoping to spend a happy life—
As was his father's lot.

They toiled in love and quietness;
They knew no trouble nor distress,
Nor wishes unfulfilled:
Small comforts had they, yet few cares;
A cleanly little hut was theirs,
And garden, which he tilled.

And quickly round their table grew
Young rosy children, not a few;
And, when they numbered seven,
Then, then—oh, grief, beyond all other!—
The loving, cheerful, toiling mother
Was summoned unto heaven!

This was a stroke that had not been
Once by her loving mate foreseen:
He saw how village pairs,
With children's children on their knees,
Lived on as sturdy as old trees,
And hoped such life as theirs.

Amid his helpless children left,
Thus sadly, suddenly bereft
Of their maternal stay;
Confounded, crushed in heart, and 'mazed,
Upon the crying group he gazed,
More helpless e'en than they.

He never knew until this hour,
Of woman's offices and power
The worth and the extent;
His home in peace had been arrayed,
While he sat plying at his trade,
In troubleless content.

But now an old and careful dame
To do a mother's duties came;
And it is only just
To say that, reckless of her rest,
This ancient woman did her best
To execute her trust.

But, to perform a mother's part,
Alas! there wants a mother's heart—
A mother's caring eye!
It would not do—it would not do!
He saw, and yet he wondered, too,
How things went so awry.

His weekly earnings would not bring,
As they had done, each needful thing;
The spirit was not there
Which had so husbanded their store,
With good economy before,
That there was e'en to spare.

His spirit failed. In vain he wrought
Through long, long days of dreary thought,
To keep stern want aloof:
He saw, what never had been seen,
Rags, hunger, tears, and sights unclean,
Invade his cottage-roof.

His spirit failed; his strength gave way;
His toils diminished day by day:
He felt—he knew not how—
Upon his limbs, and in his brain,
A weight, a weariness, a chain,
That seemed to cramp and bow.

He could but think upon the fate
That on his children must await,
If death should be his doom;
He could but think of bright days gone,
And of the dark ones hurrying on,
In gathering depth of gloom.

Again he strove: again he found
The power of feebleness had bound
His body in its thrall;
It seemed his arm had lost its strength,
And, spirit-crushed, he found at length,
He could not work at all.

His children cried aloud for bread.
"Sure," said the dame, "they must be fed;
I'll to the parish go!"
She went; then, stretching forth her arm,
She showed him silver in her palm—
Exultingly did show.

Poor though he was, his soul was proud;
For it had ever been allowed
That you throughout might look,
But ne'er his father's name should spell
Within that shameful chronicle—
The crowded parish-book.

But now, upon his tortured sense,
Rushed, with a fiery violence,
The knowledge of his shame:
The boast of his laborious sires—
Marks of the honest poor's desires,
Had perished from his name.

A fever kindled in his brain;
Through it there ran a ceaseless train
Of anguish and of fear:
They wore his weakened frame away;
Lower it sank from day to day;
His end was drawing near.

Just then I chanced to hear them say,
How my youth's lowly comrade lay
In miserable distress;
And quickly to the place I hied
To see what measures might be tried
To make his misery less.

All worn and hollow was the floor,
With wretched children scattered o'er,
With sorrow-swollen faces;
Unwashed, save where their streaming eyes
Had poured their prodigal supplies
In smeared and dismal traces.

Weak, worn, and wasted, lay the man,
With looks as lifeless and as wan
As if in death he lay;
But then I saw his lips were stirred,
As if he muttered o'er some word,
Or tried a prayer to say.

Poor comrade of my merry youth!
Was it thy very self, in truth,
Thus wretched and forlorn?
Where was the soul of jollity—
The merry tones of jocund glee,
As blithe as May-day morn?

The dying man raised up his head,
And, with a hollow voice, he said:
"Oh, sir, disgraced are we!
Our honest name is sore disgraced;
My humble pride is sore abased,
Beyond our poverty.

"And what is frenzy at the last,
My wretched children will be cast
Upon the parish aid—
Will be by parish-bounty fed,
Nor earn, like free-born men, their bread,
At some old English trade.

"I tell you, sir, that they will be
Sent to the crowded factory—
My helpless children small!
When all is still I hear their cries—
I see them when I shut my eyes,—
They have no friend at all!"

And then he started up in fear,
As if he thought some danger near—
Some phantom of dismay;
And, as one fighting, did he strive,
In frenzied wrath, as if to drive
An enemy away.

"What! drag my children from their home!"
He cried: "If dare they, let them come,
And carry them to woe!
Nay,—let my little children be!
What would their mother think of me
If I should let them go?"

Then back upon his bed he fell:
Life vanished like a broken spell—
The soul departed thence;
And such a silence was there shed,
Around the living and the dead,
As chilled each outward sense.

I saw to earth his coffin given;
I saw those weeping children seven,
In their poor mourning dressed.
Alas! the dying man said true—
The parish had the orphan crew,
To make of them the best.

They never knew what 'twas to play,
Without control, the long, long day,
In wood and field at will;
They knew no bird, no tree, no bud;
They got no strawberries in the wood—
No wild thyme from the hill.

They played not on a mother's floor;
They toiled amid the hum and roar
Of bobbins and of wheels:
The air they drew was not the wild
Bounty of Nature, but defiled,—
And scanty were their meals.

Their lives can know no passing joy;
Dwindled and dwarfed are girl and boy,
And even in childhood old;
With hollow eye and anxious air,
As if a heavy, grasping care,
Their spirits did enfold.

Their limbs are swoll'n—their bodies bent
And, worse,—no noble sentiment
Their darkened minds pervade:
Feeble, and blemished by disease,
Nothing their morbid hearts can please
But doings that degrade.

Oh, hapless heirs of want and woe!
 What hope of comfort can they know?
 Them men and law condemn:
 They have no guides to lead them right:
 Darkness they have not known from light;
 Heaven be a friend to them!

Woe is it that an English pen,
 Thus, thus must write of Englishmen—
 The great, the brave, the free!
 Yet such was my poor comrade's fate;
 And miseries, such as his, await
 On thousands such as he.

EARTHQUAKE AT ZANTE.

BY THE REV. ROBERT WALSH, LL.D.

The island of Zante is by far the most beautiful and fertile of the Ionian islands. It retains to this day the epithet of "woody," bestowed upon it by the ancients from the earliest time,* presenting to the approaching stranger a rich scenery of leafy verdure, very different from the bleak and rugged sterility which marks all the other islands, both in the Ionian and Egean seas; and hence it is justly called by the Italians,

*Zante verd-gigante
 Fiore di Levante.*

It lies 47° lat. and 38° long., opposite the ancient town of Elis in Peloponnesus. Its circumference, according to Strabo, is one hundred and sixty stadia; but modern measurement makes it about fourteen miles long, and eight broad. Its climate is exceedingly mild and balmy; flowers are in bloom all the year, and trees twice bear ripe fruit—in April and November: but the productions for which this island is most remarkable, are currants and peaches; the first—though called currants because they originally came from Corinth, of which their present name is a corruption—are sent all over Europe principally from this island; and the latter are so large as to weigh ten or twelve ounces. It has been occupied at various times by various people—Greeks, Romans, Turks, Venetians, Russians, French, and finally, in 1809, by the English; and it now forms one of the seven islands of the Ionian Republic.

Notwithstanding its having been possessed for so long a period by the polished Greeks and Romans, and lying between them both, few objects of art have ever been discovered, and still fewer remain at the present day; but among its natural curiosities there still exists one that has been noted from the earliest times: this is the pitch-well. In a valley near the sea is a vast depression, shallow and circular, resembling the crater of an extinct volcano. Scattered through this are various wells from the bottom of which there is a continued ebullition of petroleum—a substance exactly resembling vegetable pitch, and used for all the same purposes. So early as the time of Herodotus this was employed and sought after as at the present day. "I saw," says he, "with my own eyes, pitch emerge from a lake of water in Zacynthus, of which there are many in the island. They collect the pitch by means of a branch of myrtle tied to the end of a lance. It forms a fragrant bitumen, more precious than Persian pitch."[†]

A circumstance, connected with the natural history of the island, has given to these wells a singular interest. Tradition says that the site which they occupy had been a volcano; but the sea, having burst through one of the sides, had extinguished the fire. Before that period this and the neighbouring islands had been free from convulsions, the elastic gases, generated by the inflammable matter, having escaped through the aperture of the crater as through a safety-tube; but since that time they have been pent up under the superincumbent mass till, acquiring an expansive power which became irresistible, they forced their way through every obstruction, rending open for themselves various spiracula, or breathing apertures, and in their potent pro-

gress shaking the islands to their very centre. Of these passages the pitch-wells were the permanent indications, and the petroleum and other inflammable substances were formations of the volcanic matter still existing in the interior; and their communication with it was ascertained by the singular fact, that every shock of an earthquake was preceded by the more violent ebullitions of those wells, which always indicated to the inhabitants, like natural barometers, the rise and fall of those dangerous gases, and warned them of the approach of the earthquake. This was the case, the inhabitants say, in the violent concussion which shook the island in 1514, which was so terrible that it split the mountain at the back of the town, on which the fortress was built, from top to bottom. Since that time there have been, besides minor shocks, seven great earthquakes, and at such intervals as to form something like regular periodical events; so that the Zantiotes affirm that they expect the return of a violent earthquake about every forty or fifty years,* which period it takes for the explosive gases to accumulate.

I landed in Zante, in the suite of Lord Strangford, on the 27th of Dec. 1820; and my first object of curiosity was to visit and examine these wells. I set out the next day on horseback with some friends, and we proceeded across the promontory of Scopio along the sea-shore at the other side. The aspect of the country was very beautiful. Olive groves and currant vineyards clothed the smiling valleys. White asphodel, now in full flower, though the depth of winter, covered all the hills, and made a very rich and flowery scene. We were attracted by a large and glittering mass, which shone resplendent at a great distance. We found it to consist of agglomerated fragments of selenite, or sulphate of lime, formed into very brilliant crystallizations, having a rich metallic lustre. This fossil abounds in the island.

As we approached the site of the wells we were particularly struck with the aspect of the surrounding scenery. The valley inland was the segment of a circle, surrounded on three sides by abrupt and rugged ridges of hills; on the fourth, the remainder of the circle could be traced by rocks rising above the water, as if the sea had, at some period, burst in and destroyed the continuity, leaving, at intervals, the larger and stronger masses, and carrying away those which had made less resistance. Within this circle the ground was nearly level, consisting of a marshy soil, abounding in aquatic and palustic plants, but appearing to be stained and dark, as if from mineral exhalations or impregnated waters. In this marsh were several wells or pits, of which we examined one. It was about nine feet in diameter, and surrounded by a dwarf wall. The water was about two feet below, and one foot deep; the surface covered with a scum, which reflected various iridescent colours, of which the blue and green were very vivid. A dark, blue substance was continually forcing its way from the bottom, and boiling up in large globules, which, as they ascended, enlarged, till near the surface, and then burst, liberating a quantity of gas, which the peasantry informed us was highly inflammable; but we had not the means of trying. Sometimes the globules were transparent, and assumed a singular brilliancy, ascending to the surface and bursting, while a coating of dark, bituminous matter, in which they were invested, was thrown off. This dark substance was the petroleum, or rock-pitch, which, being specifically heavier than the water, remained below, covering the sides and part of the bottom. The brilliant globules disengaged from it were pure naphtha, or rock oil, which formed a light oleaginous stratum above, reflecting various beautiful colours. The intervening water was sweet and fit for use, but strongly impregnated with a taste like tar-water, and is prescribed in various dyspeptic complaints. They had discontinued the practice of Herodotus. The myrtle was laid aside, and the pitch collected, with large spoons, into a pit adjoining the well, and thence thrown into barrels. The best time

* The recorded periods of violent earthquakes in Zante, are as follow:—1514, 1593, 1664, 1710, 1742, 1767, 1791, 1809. Paolo Mercati, a Zantiote writer, suggests, that among other investigations of the phenomena of earthquakes, the bubbles of pitch, and the sulphureous smell, which issue from these pits should be particularly watched—at memento dei terremoti più forti, che, tante volte fecero palpitare questa popolazione.—Saggio Storico Statistico della Isola de Zante.—p. 21.

for collecting it is summer, when it is exuded in the greatest quantities; and they annually fill about one hundred barrels, which is used for paying the bottom of ships and similar purposes. A circumstance which marks the extensive ramifications of those wells, and that their source is not confined within the remains of the present crater, is, that on the surface of the sea, at some distance, the same substances are found within a circumscribed space, as if they had issued from a similar well at the bottom of the sea, or had a communication with those on the land, by subterraneous passages.* The ground on which we stood did not appear firm; but, when we stamped on it, the whole surface seemed to shake and tremble for a considerable distance. What we particularly watched was the rising ebullitions. Every stranger who comes to Zante expects to feel the shock of an earthquake, of some degree, before he leaves it, particularly if it be near the periodic time; and he consults frequently those wells to ascertain the approach of it. The ebullition now was very considerable, but we departed with a feeling that we should not experience any thing of the kind during our sojourn.

On our return we dined at the hospitable mansion of the Governor, Sir Patrick Ross. As the palace was very small, the gentlemen in the suite of the embassy were lodged in different houses, and I and another were located in the Palazzo di Forcardi, belonging to a Zantiote nobleman, who was attending his duty in Corfu, as a member of the legislative body of the Ionian Republic, leaving his large house vacant for our accommodation. The town of Zante is extensive and populous, containing about 16,000 inhabitants, and 4,000 houses, generally large edifices, built by the Venetians, of brown stone, with dense massive walls. That in which we were placed was of considerable size, consisting of a court-yard through which was the approach, by a broad flight of marble steps, to a gallery which opened into a long and spacious apartment, or saloon, running the whole length of the building, and terminating, at the other end, in a balcony which opened on the parade. At one side, doors led to several rooms occupied by the numerous domestics; on the other, to a drawing-room and two bed-chambers, assigned to our accommodation. The whole was on a grand scale—the walls of great thickness, and the lofts ceiled and stuccoed with deep mouldings and ponderous cornices, and a variety of large grotesque stucco figures in alto-relievo, suspended, as it were, by their backs from the ceiling. We dressed and went to dinner; and in the evening found a large party assembled in the saloon to meet the ambassador. We had music and singing. We amused the company with our observations on the wells, and laughed at the various speculations they afforded of an approaching earthquake; and, having thus enjoyed a most festive and delightful evening, we parted at midnight, and returned to our quarters. It was a bright, star-light night of uncommon brilliancy—the air calm, the atmosphere clear, the sky serene; every thing harmonized with the festivity we had just left; our minds were in unison with the feeling; the very heavens seemed to smile on our gaiety; and we laughed, as we had often done in the course of the evening, at the thoughts of an earthquake.

When the servant led me to my room he left a large brass lamp, lighting on a ponderous carved table, on the opposite side to that on which I slept. My bed, as is usual in this island, was without a canopy, and open above. As soon as I got into it, I lay for some time gazing on the ceiling, with many pleasing ideas of persons and things floating on my mind; even the grotesque figures above were a source of amusement to me: and I remember falling into a delightful sleep while I was yet making out a fancied resemblance to many persons I was acquainted with. The next sensation I recollect was one indescribably tremendous. The lamp was still burning, but the whole room was in motion. The figures on the ceiling seemed to be animated, and were changing places: presently they were detached from above, and, with large fragments of the cornice, fell upon me, and about the room. An indefinable, melancholy, humming sound seemed to is-

* This circumstance was also noticed by Herodotus, who says that the substance flows through subterraneous passages, and is seen to emerge from the sea not far from the shore.—Herod. in Melpomene.

* It was called *Zanora* by Homer, and *Nemorosa* by Virgil.
[†] Herod. in Melpomene.

sue from the earth, and run along the outside of the house, with a sense of vibration that communicated an intolerable nervous feeling; and I experienced a fluctuating motion, which threw me from side to side as if I were still on board the frigate, and overtaken by a storm. The house now seemed rent asunder by a violent crash. A large portion of the wall fell in, split into splinters the oak table, extinguished the lamp, and left me in total darkness; while, at the same instant, the walls opened about me, and the blue sky, with a bright star, became, for a moment, visible through one of the chasms. I now threw off the bed-clothes and attempted to escape from the tottering house; but the ruins of the wall and ceiling had so choked up the passage that I could not open the door; and I again ran back to my bed, and instinctively pulled over my face the thick coverlid, to protect it from the falling fragments.

Up to this period I had not the most distant conception of the cause of this commotion. The whole had passed in a few seconds, yet such was the effect of each circumstance that they left on my mind as distinct an impression as if the succession of my ideas had been slow and regular. Still I could assign no reason for it, but that the house was going to fall, till an incident occurred which caused the truth at once to flash on my mind. There stood, in the square opposite the Palazzo, a tall, slender steeple of a Greek church, containing a ring of bells, which I had remarked in the day; these now began to jangle with a wild, unearthly sound, as if some powerful hand had seized the edifice below, and was ringing the bells by shaking the steeple. Then it was that I had the first distinct conception of my situation. I found that the earthquake we had talked so lightly of was actually come; I felt that I was in the midst of one of those awful visitations which destroys thousands in a moment—where the superintending hand of God seems for a season to withdraw itself, and the frame of the earth was suffered to tumble into ruins by its own convulsions. O God! I cannot describe my sensations when I thus saw and felt around me the wreck of nature, and that with a deep and firm conviction on my mind, that to me that moment was the end of the world. I had before looked death in the face in many ways, and had reason more than once to familiarize me to his appearance; but this was nothing like the ordinary thoughts or apprehensions of dying in the common way: the sensations were as different as an earthquake and a fever.

But this horrible convulsion ceased in a moment, as suddenly as it began, and a dead and solemn silence ensued. This was soon broken by the sound of lamentation, which came from below; and I afterwards found it proceeded from the inhabitants of an adjoining house, which had been shaken down, and crushed to death some, and half buried others who were trying to escape, in the ruins. Presently I saw a light through the crevice of the door of my chamber, and heard the sound of voices outside. It proceeded from the servants, who came to look for me among the ruins. As they could not enter by the usual door-way, which was choked up, they proceeded round to another; but, when they saw the room filled with the wrecks of the wall and ceiling, some of which were lying on the bed, one of them said, "Sacramento! cecolo schiacciato. There he is, crushed to death!" and proceeded to remove the rubbish, and lift the bed-clothes. I was lying unhurt, buried in thought; but the dust caused me to sneeze, and relieved the apprehensions of the good people.

I immediately rose, and dressed myself, and proceeded with them about the Palazzo, to see the damage it had sustained. The massive outside walls were all separated from each other and from the partition walls, and left chasms between, through which the light appeared. Providentially, the room in which I slept had the bed against a partition wall, and nothing fell on me but pieces of the ceiling and cornice; had it been on the other side, next the main wall, I could not have escaped, for it was entirely covered with masses of masonry, which had smashed and buried under them every thing on which they fell. I had repined that I had not been able to escape by the door when I attempted it, but to this circumstance also I now found I was indebted, under Providence, for my preservation. A wing of the house had fallen into the court-yard, through which I had intended to make my way; and, no doubt, had I

done so at the moment I tried, would have buried me under it.

It was now past four in the morning, and we proceeded, with intense anxiety, to the Government-house, to see if any of our friends, whom we had left so well and cheerful a few hours before, had escaped. The weather had totally changed. The sky seemed to partake in the convulsions of the earth:—it blew a storm, driving the dark clouds along with vast rapidity. The streets were full of people, hurrying in different directions, but all in profound silence, as if under some awful impression, and crowding into the churches, which were every where lighted up, and full of people. The priests were in their vestments singing solemn dirges, and the congregations on their faces, prostrated in the profoundest reverence. We found our friends all assembled, with Lord and Lady Strangford, in the dining-hall of the palace. To this room they had run in their night dresses, as to a place of more security, being a ground-floor detached from the rest of the edifice, and having no building over it. Here we sat till it was light, telling our several escapes; and then I went out into the town, to see the state in which it was left. Nearly the whole of the 4,000 houses of which it consisted were split open in different places, and many from the foundation to the roof. About forty were lying prostrate, and obstructing the passage of the streets. The front walls of many were separated from the sides, and hanging over the way, seeming ready to fall every minute upon the passenger. This tendency of the walls to fall out saved many lives; but there was another circumstance to which their safety was attributed by the Zantiotes themselves. The night had been the vigil of their great patron-saint, Dyonisius, and almost the whole population were watching in the streets or churches, and so out of their houses, when the shock came on. The churches were of immense strength, and, though all shaken and shattered, none of them fell; which the pious people attributed to the interference of the saint, whose rites they were celebrating. Not more than forty dead bodies were found in the ruins. It appears, by the concurrent testimony of several, that the whole duration of the earth's motion was not longer than fifty seconds or a minute; yet, if the time were marked by the passing sensations of different people, that brief space appeared to be hours.

The elements of the earthquake seemed to have mingled themselves with the heavens. The very face of nature was changed from its mild and calm aspect to that of a perfect storm; and it was in vain we attempted to hold communication with the frigate, which we ardently wished to get on board of. Nothing could be more comfortless than our situation;—the inclemency of the weather would not suffer us to remain abroad, and the tottering state of the houses did not invite us in, particularly as every hour some slight shock informed us that the convulsion was not over, and was likely to prostrate what remained of the shaken city. There was now formed a solemn procession to St. Dyonisius, which I joined, with the Governor and some of his officers, as is usual in the Ionian Islands on the festivals of the natives. But we were interrupted by a phenomenon more extraordinary and as awful as that of the night before. Just as we set out the sky became as dark as pitch, the storm increased to a hurricane and we perceived the sea close to the shore boiling as if in a cauldron. Suddenly a shower of ice burst on us from the skies, and fell with such violence as to prostrate several persons whom it struck! The fall of these ice-stones was generally broken by the roofs of houses, from whence they rebounded, shattering the tiles, and rolling along the streets like cannon-balls! The procession crowded into the church, as a protection against these terrific "stones," which were certainly similar to the awful hail of the Scriptures. While engaged in solemn prayer another violent shock of an earthquake shook the church in the midst of the storm. I never saw the effect of awe and fear more strongly depicted. The whole congregation remained as still as death, but burst into a silent flood of irrepressible tears. With all these impressions on my mind I was called on by the Governor and the Ambassador to read a thanksgiving service at the palace for our escape. I had no time to prepare, as I could wish, for such a solemn occasion, but there was no need to seek for appropriate

words. During the prayers another storm came on, and another shock of an earthquake nearly caused the book to fall from my hand, seeming to rend the house asunder. My congregation, like those of the procession, were deeply affected. It was the voice of God himself that seemed to address them.

I had met the day before some of the officers of the 39th regiment, to which I had been formerly chaplain, and promised to dine this day with my old messmates. Colonel Cross now called on me, and I went with him to see their mess-room. It had been a Venetian palace, built of hewn stone, ornamented with a pediment and portico, and built in the most massive manner. It now seemed, as it were, upturned from its foundation; the marble steps of the grand stair-case stood all on their ends; the stone floors were broke up, as if by some implements, and all the parts of the edifice were inverted, intimating that the shock had come from below, and had acted perpendicularly upwards. Had the earthquake postponed but a few hours, till we had assembled at dinner, what a sudden destruction would have fallen upon us all! At the time it happened there was no one in the building.

As the menage of the palace, and of almost every other house, was in confusion, we went to dine with a gentleman at another part of the town, which had not suffered so severely. The hail was now succeeded by thunder and deluges of rain, and when we were returning at night we found all the streets inundated. In wading across one of them my legs were impeded by something from which I could not extricate them. A light was brought from a neighbouring house, and it was with horror I found myself entangled with a corpse, several of which were floating through the streets. I next day learned the cause of this new catastrophe. The town of Zante is built at the base of a hill, and rises up the sides. The summit of the hill presents the appearance of a ridge, which slopes gradually down to the right; but nearly over the middle of the town it seems broken into a chasm, from whence it descends to the left very abrupt and irregular. It at once strikes an observer that the two hills on which the town stands were originally one, but were cleft in twain, like Eildon-hill, by some convulsion: and this was the fact. In the great earthquake mentioned before, the hill was riven in two, and part of the ancient city, with the inhabitants, buried in the chasm. From the great quantities of rain which fell the day before, the water had accumulated in this rent. A strong mound of masonry had been made across, which served as a bridge to pass from one side of the ravine to the other; but this had been so shattered by the earthquake that it could no longer support the weight of water that pressed against it. Below was a suburb of the town, which had also suffered from the shock, on which the water, bursting from its confinement, violently rushed. The houses all gave way, and the wretched inhabitants, who had retired to rest anxious and harassed with the events of the night before, were now swept out of their beds by the inundation. They were soon suffocated, and, with no covering but their night dresses, were carried through the lower part of the town, and found next morning on the beach in different states of nakedness. It was one of these unfortunate people in his shirt that I felt entwined round my legs, and it was their bodies that had encumbered the inundated street. I went to see the place. The desolation was very dismal; the hill seemed as if recently burst open; the valley was strewn with the wrecks of houses covered with mud; the poor people were digging in the wet rubbish in search of their friends; and the inhabitants on the side of the hill were looking in terror out of the cottages, expecting every moment that another convulsion would prostrate their houses, and another inundation carry them away. The accounts which now arrived from other parts of the island were equally disastrous. The beautiful town of Latakia, which we had observed smiling on the brow of a romantic hill near the pitch-wells, was entirely destroyed, as if its vicinity to this ancient crater had caused it to be visited with a more violent concussion. Every other place on the island had suffered, and no spot was exempt from its share in the calamity. We afterwards learned that the effects had extended to the Morea and Italy, and even as far as Malta, expanding with more or less violence over a circle of perhaps

1000 miles in circumference, of which Zante was the unfortunate centre. The effects were not confined to the land, but were sensibly felt by the ships in the water. On board our frigate a noise was heard like that of a cable running through a house-hole, and the vessel seemed raised out of the sea, and thumped as if she had been driven on shore. The master and officers ran on deck in their shirts greatly alarmed, supposing she had slipped her cable in the storm that had just commenced, and was bulging out her bottom on the point of Krio Negro. But they found every thing safe, and were still wondering what could have been the cause, when accounts at length reached them from the shore.

The moment the weather moderated we hastened on board; and the Ambassador, instead of departing with the usual accompaniment of noisy honours, left the island silently and without pomp, deeming, very properly, that any such display would be altogether inconsistent with the melancholy events which had occurred. There never were, perhaps, greater horrors effected by the agency of nature than those of one short day in the island of Zante. We found it smiling in its beauty, with everything that presented itself of a gay and lovely aspect. In a moment all was changed, the ground was rent open, towns were destroyed, the sky poured down portentous stones, mountains were burst asunder, inundations swept away whole streets with their inhabitants, and we left the island in horror and desolation, where nothing was heard but "mourning, lamentation, and woe."

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

BY JOHN MACKAY WILSON, ESQ.

SEVEN or eight years ago, I was travelling between Berwick and Selkirk, and, having started at the crowing of the cock, I had left Melrose before four in the afternoon. On arriving at Abbotsford, I perceived a Highland soldier, apparently fatigued as myself, leaning upon a walking-stick, and gazing intensely on the fairy palace of the magician whose wand is since broken, but whose magic still remains. I am no particular disciple of Lavater's, yet the man carried his soul upon his face, and we were friends at the first glance. He wore a plain Highland bonnet, and a coarse grey great coat, buttoned to the throat. His dress bespoke him to belong only to the ranks; but there was a dignity in his manner, and a fire, a glowing language in his eyes, worthy of a chieftain. His height might exceed five feet nine, and his age be about thirty. The traces of manly beauty were still upon his cheeks; but the sun of a western hemisphere had tinged them with a fallow hue and imprinted untimely furrows.

Our conversation related chiefly to the classic scenery around us; and we had pleasantly journeyed together for two or three miles, when we arrived at a little sequestered burial-ground by the way-side, near which there was neither church nor dwelling. Its low wall was thinly covered with turf, and we sat down upon it to rest. My companion became silent and melancholy, and his eyes wandered anxiously among the graves.

"Here," said he, "sleep some of my father's children, who died in infancy."

He picked up a small stone from the ground, and, throwing it gently about ten yards, "That," added he, "is the very spot. But, thank God! no grave-stone has been raised during my absence! It is a token I shall find my parents living—and," continued he, with a sigh, "may I also find their love! It is hard, sir, when the heart of a parent is turned against his own child."

He dropped his head upon his breast for a few moments and was silent, and, hastily raising his fore-finger to his eyes, seemed to dash away a solitary tear. Then, turning to me, he continued: "You may think, sir, this is weakness in a soldier; but human hearts beat beneath a red coat. My father, whose name is Campbell, and who was brought from Argyleshire while young, is a wealthy farmer in this neighbourhood. Twelve years ago, I loved a being gentle as the light of a summer moon. We were children together, and she grew in beauty on my sight, as the star of evening

steals into glory through the twilight. But she was poor and portionless, the daughter of a mean shepherd. Our attachment offended my father. He commanded me to leave her for ever. I could not, and he turned me from his house. I wandered, I knew not, I cared not, whither. But I will not detain you with my history. In my utmost need I met a sergeant of the forty-second, who was then upon the recruiting service, and in a few weeks I joined that regiment of proud hearts. I was at Brussels when the invitation to the wolf and the raven rang at midnight through the streets. It was the herald of a day of glory and of death. There were three Highland regiments of us—three joined in one—joined in rivalry, in love, and in purpose; and, thank Fate! I was present when the till then invincible legions of the cuirassed Gauls rushed, with their war-horses neighing destruction, upon a kneeling phalanx of Scottish hearts, shielded only by the plaid and the bare bayonet from the unsheathed sabres of the united glory of France, as they poured like torrents of death on the waving plumes of our devoted band, to extirpate our name from the annals of Scottish heroism. Then, then, in the hour of peril and of death, the genius of country burst forth through the darkness of despair, like the first flash of the young sun upon the earth when God said 'Let there be light!'—as the Scots Greys flying to our aid raised the electric shout, 'Scotland for ever!'—'Scotland for ever!' returned our tartaned clansmen; 'Scotland for ever!' reverberated as from the hearts we had left behind us; and 'Scotland for ever!' re-echoed 'Victory!' It was a moment of inspiration and of triumph. Forward dashed our Highland heroes, fearless as their fathers, resistless as our mountain cataracts! The proud steed and its mailed rider quailed at the shout. Home and its world of unutterable joys—yes, home and the fair bosom that would welcome its hero—glory and the spirit of our fathers—all rushed upon our imagination at the sound. It was a moment of poetry, of patriotism, and of inspiration—of poetry felt by all, except the wretch,

Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!

Heavens!" added he, starting to his feet, and grasping his staff, as the enthusiasm of the past gushed back upon his soul, "to have joined in that shout was to live an eternity in the vibration of a pendulum!"

In a few moments the animated soul that gave eloquence to his tongue drew itself back into the chambers of humanity, and, resuming his seat upon the low wall, he continued: "I left my old regiment with the prospect of promotion, and have since served in the West Indies; but I have heard nothing of my father, nothing of my mother—nothing of her I love!"

While he was yet speaking, the grave-digger, with a pick-axe and a spade over his shoulder, entered the ground. He approached within a few yards of where we sat. He measured off a narrow piece of earth—it encircled the little stone which the soldier had thrown to mark out the burial-place of his family. Convulsion rushed over the features of my companion; he shivered—he grasped my arm—his lips quivered—his breathing became short and loud—the cold sweat trickled from his temples. He sprang over the wall—he rushed towards the spot.

"Man!" he exclaimed in agony, "whose grave is that?"

"Hoot! awa' wi' ye," said the grave-digger, starting back at his manner; "whatna way is that to gliff a body!—are ye daft?"

"Answer me," cried the soldier, seizing his hand; "whose grave—whose grave is that?"

"Mercy me!" replied the man of death, "ye are surely out o' your head—it's an auld body they ca'd Adam Campbell's grave—now are ye ony thing the wiser for speirin'?"

"My father!" cried my comrade as I approached him; and, clasping his hands together, he bent his head upon my shoulder, and wept aloud.

I will not dwell upon the painful scene. During his absence, adversity had given the fortunes of his father to the wind; and he had died in an humble cottage, unlamented and unnoticed by the friends of his prosperity.

At the request of my fellow-traveller, I accompanied him to the house of mourning. Two or three poor cottagers sat around the fire. The coffin, with the lid open, lay across a table near the window. A few white hairs fell over the whiter face of the deceased, which seemed to indicate that he died from sorrow rather than from age. The son pressed his lips to his father's cheek. He groaned in spirit, and was troubled. He raised his head in agony, and, with a voice almost inarticulate with grief, exclaimed inquiringly, "My mother?"

The wondering peasants started to their feet, and in silence pointed to a lowly bed. He hastened forward—he fell upon his knees by the bed-side.

"My mother!—O my mother!" he exclaimed, "do not you, too, leave me!—Look at me—speak to me—I am your own son—your own Willie—have you too forgot me, mother?"

She, too, lay upon her death-bed, and the tide of life was fast ebbing; but the remembered voice of her beloved son drove it back for a moment. She opened her eyes—she attempted to raise her feeble hand, and it fell upon his head. She spoke, but he alone knew the words that she uttered; they seemed accents of mingled anguish, of joy, and of blessing. For several minutes he bent over the bed, and wept bitterly. He held her withered hand in his; he started; and, as we approached him, the hand he held was stiff and lifeless. He wept no longer—he gazed from the dead body of his father to that of his mother—his eyes wandered wildly from the one to the other—he smote his hand upon his brow, and threw himself upon a chair, while misery transfixed him, as if a thunderbolt had entered his soul.

I will not give a description of the melancholy funerals and the solitary mourner. The father's obsequies were delayed, and the son laid both his parents in the same grave.

Several months passed away before I gained information respecting the sequel of my little story. After his parents were laid in the dust, William Campbell, with a sad and anxious heart, made inquiries after Jeanie Leslie, the object of his early affections, to whom we have already alluded. For several weeks his search was fruitless; but at length he learned that considerable property had been left to her father by a distant relative, and that he now resided somewhere in Dumfriesshire.

In the same garb which I have already described, the soldier set out upon his journey. With little difficulty he discovered the house. It resembled such as are occupied by the higher class of farmers. The front door stood open. He knocked, but no one answered. He proceeded along the passage—he heard voices in an apartment on the right—again he knocked, but was unheeded. He entered uninvited. A group were standing in the middle of the floor, and among them a minister, commencing the marriage-service of the church of Scotland. The bride hung her head sorrowfully, and tears were stealing down her cheeks—she was his own Jeanie Leslie. The clergyman paused. The bride's father stepped forward angrily, and inquired, "What do you want, sir?" but, instantly recognizing his features he seized him by the breast, and, in a voice half-choked with passion, continued, "Sorrow tak' ye for a scoundrel! what's brought ye here—an' the mair especially at a time like this? Get out o' my house, sir! I say, Willie Campbell, get out o' my house, an' never darken my door again wi' your ne'er-do-weel countenance!"

A sudden shriek followed the mention of his name, and Jeanie Leslie fell into the arms of her bridemaid.

"Peace, Mr. Leslie!" said the soldier, pushing the old man aside; "since matters are thus, I will only stop to say farewell—for auld langsyne—you cannot deny me that."

He passed towards the object of his young love. She spoke not—she moved not—he took her hand, but she seemed unconscious of what he did. And, as he again gazed upon her beautiful countenance, absence became as a dream upon her face. The very language he had acquired during their separation was laid aside. Nature triumphed over art, and he addressed her in the accents in which he had first breathed love and won her heart.

"Jeanie!" said he, pressing her hand between his,

"it's a sair thing to say *fareweel*, but at present I maun say it. This is a scene I never expected to see, for oh, Jeanie! I could have trusted to your truth and to your love as the farmer trusts to seed-time and harvest, and is not disappointed. I thought it was ill enough, when, hoping to find my father's forgiveness, I found them digging his grave; or, when I reached my mother's bedside, and found her only able to stretch out her hand and say—"it's my ain bairn!"—it's my ain bairn! But I maun bid ye *fareweel*, Willie—*fareweel* already!—it is sair—sair!—But oh, may the blessing o' the God o' Abraham—' As she said this the death-rattle grew louder and louder in her throat—for a moment her eyes became as bright as diamonds—I thought it was the immortal spark leaving the body; and before I could speak, the cold film of death passed over them, and the tears I saw gathering in them while she was speaking rolled down the cheeks of a corpse!—But oh, Jeanie woman!—it wasna a trial like this—this is like separating the flesh from the bones, and burning the marrow!—But ye maun be anither's now—*fareweel*!—*fareweel*!"

"No! no!—my ain Willie!" she exclaimed, recovering from the agony of stupefaction: "my hand is still free, and my heart has aye been yours—save me, Willie! save me!" and she threw herself into his arms.

The bridegroom looked from one to another, imploring them to commence an attack upon the intruder, but he looked in vain. The father again seized the old grey coat of the soldier, and, almost rending it in twain, discovered underneath to the astonished company the richly laced uniform of a British officer. He dropped the fragment of the outer garment in wonder, and, at the same time dropping his wrath, exclaimed, "Mr. Campbell!—or what are ye?—will you explain yourself?"

A few words explained all. The bridegroom, a wealthy, middle-aged man without a heart, left the house, gnashing his teeth. Badly as our military honours are conferred, merit is not always overlooked even in this country, where money is every thing, and the Scottish soldier had obtained the promotion he deserved. Jeanie's joy was like a dream of heaven. In a few weeks she gave her hand to Captain Campbell of his Majesty's regiment of infantry, to whom long years before she had given her young heart.

CONVERSATION

BETWEEN

A WEATHER-GLASS AND A WEATHER-COCK.

We will speak *Whether* or *No*.
Old Play

"Good morning," said the Weather-glass to the Weather-cock, "you don't look well this morning."

"No wonder," said the Weather-cock, "for I've had nothing but *wind* in my teeth all night, and I don't see, Mr. Weather-glass, that you have much reason to boast, for you look rather *down* this morning."

"Do I?" said the Weather-glass. "At all events I'm *up* to you;—*up* to you indeed! now I look at myself, I'm *up* to *sixty*. You give yourself too many *airs*, Mr. Weather-cock. 'Tis true you are at the *top* of this establishment, of which you are not a little *vain*."

"Little *vane*!" said the Weather-cock, "no indeed, I don't see a larger or handsomer one than myself for miles round, except the church, and there we generally find more *vane* than *useful*: and as to my being the *top* of this establishment, you've always had the *reins* of the family in your own hands, and I should have very little objection to change places with you."

"Change *places*!" said the Weather-glass, "I never knew you *keep* one a minute together!"

"That's my misfortune," says the Weather-cock: "but yesterday evening I engaged myself to sweet Miss Zephyr, and went south-about to meet her. I had not been with her for more than five minutes, when old Boreas made me rudely turn my back towards her, and look at him all night, while he amused himself with spitting hail and sleet in my face. If I am to be thus disturbed in my pleasure, I'll turn *rusty* about it, and then I'll stick where I please."

"Ah!" said the Weather-glass, "we all have our complaints: you know my existence depends on my telling the truth:—now I marked "*much rain*" yesterday

day as plain as could be, but my young mistress being promised a holiday if it were *fine*, screw'd me up to "*set fair*," so they *set out* and the wet *set in*, and I had nearly been discharged for this; but on my master carefully examining me he found out the trick, which put him in a *thundering* passion, and I fell down to "*stormy*."

"Ah! well," said the Weather-cock, "I was a little alarmed when I was first put up here, for when I was fixed and duly regulated by the compass (which by the bye, I consider must be rather a *SHARP* instrument, for I heard it had a needle and thirty-two *points*!) I was declared by all present, to stand completely *square*," when, to my dismay, in two minutes afterwards, the wind blew me completely *round*; but since we've been talking, Mr. Weather-glass, I perceive, by your face, you're not many degrees from being *very dry*; what say you to a glass of something?"

"With all my heart," says the Weather-glass, "if you'll *stand* it."

"I stand it?" said the Weather-cock, "did you ever know me to *stand* to any thing?"—here he turned half round, and look'd the other way.

"Just like you, you shabby rascal," says the Weather-glass, "there's no trusting you."

"Save your abuse, save your abuse!" said the Weather-cock, speaking with his head turn'd away; "though I'm used to blows, they must be given in a round-about manner; and of all blows, the least I care about is a *BLOW UP*!"

Puff.

MY STANDARD OF BEAUTY.

BY LOUISA H. SHERIDAN.

Well! his eyes *may* be dark—may be soft,—bright—or grand:

And another's discernment their beauty may see:—
But their varied expression I can't understand—

As—*He flirts not with me!*

You say his mouth's perfect; and two rows of pearls
When he smiles, through his jet-black moustache you may see:—

A *smile*? 'tis a *sneer* which his spiteful lip curls!

As—*He flirts not with me!*

What care I for his forehead of snow, with calm brow?
Contracted with jealousy foreheads should be:

Cold and dull as a statue he seems to me, now,

For—*He flirts not with me!*

You admire his complexion, "half-faded leaf tint!"
That clear brown, which young ladies to praise all agree:—

If it change not for me,—why no charm I see in't,

As—*He flirts not with me!*

You fancy he dances with exquisite grace?
He's your *partner* (to me he's a cold *vis-a-vis*!)
I must own I oft wish some one else in his place
For—*He flirts not with me!*

It is said he excels all the Guardsmen who ride:—
He a "*Centaur*" or old "*Billy Button*" may be,

For he's not worth the trouble of looking that side—

As—*He flirts not with me!*

He sings too, and with the *Guitar*, in good taste?

You, my love, serenaded, *enchanted* may be;

But don't ask me to listen, my time I can't waste,

For—*He flirts not with me!*

How you rave of long fingers, and velvet white hand!
Fit for "*Blacksmiths*" or "*Byrons*" his fingers may be,—

If gentle the pressure, I'd fain understand—

But—*He flirts not with me!*

His "*Billets*" are treasured whenever he writes,
Re-perused till 'repeated by heart' they could be!
Well; I never could make out a line he indites—
For—*He flirts not with me!*

I am told he's the best-drest young man about Town—
Those he offers his "*suit*" to, the judges may be;—
I ne'er looked,—more important I thought my own gown,—

As—*He flirts not with me!*

His fancied perfections throughout I have traced:—

And in one point all persons of *sense* will agree,

That, whatever he possesses,—he's wanting in *TASTE*,

For—*He flirts not with me!*

Last night I composed the above in great haste:—

To-day he called here,—(staid from twelve till past three!)

So at leisure his various perfections I traced,

He has beauty—wit—grace—grandeur—tenderness—
taste—

For—*He flirts with me!!*

THE DEAD DONKEY.

A STERNE FRAGMENT.

"They mourn me dead in my father's halls"

He was stretched at full length beside the ditch where he died.

A half-finished house in the back-ground, seemed to rejoice in the fate of the poor animal; maliciously displaying a board, whereon was legibly written:—

"THIS CARCASS TO BE SOLD!"

The sturdy thistle boldly reared its head in his vicinity—fearless of the Donkey's pluck.

The crows, like a knot of lawyers at the funeral of a rich man, were hovering near.—They threatened to engross the whole skin, and make away with the personal property by conveyance.

The deceased they knew could not resist their charge—nor did they apprehend their *bills* would be taxed by the master.

Alack! alack!—that he who had stoutly carried many a bushel, should thus fall beneath their *peck*! The well-worn saddle, (like many a *better*) had gone to *lack* some other favorite of the *race*!—The reins too, were gone—yes!—his disconsolate master, like a drunken man, had—*slipped off the curb*!—

Woe! woe!—but what avails crying woe! to a dead Donkey?—Were I thy master I would have thy portrait taken.—How many an *A-double-S.* is drawn by an *R. A.*! There is a placid docility about thy head, that might supply Gaul or Spurzheim with a lecture. But no *cast* remains to immortalize thee—albeit thy master, in thy life, made many an *impression with whacks*.

Like a card-player thou hast cut the *pack*—and left it in the hands of the *dealer*.

Unlike thy ragged brethren that run loose upon the common, exposing their *ribs* (as vulgar husbands do their wives in general company!) there is a plumpness and rotundity in thy appearance, that plainly proves thee no *common* donkey!—The smoothness of thy coat, too, shews thine owner's care—He doubtless liked thee (as Indians do their food) *well curried*!—

Farewell *Edward*!—I exclaimed, too serious on the occasion, to use the familiar epithet of *Neddy*!

I heard footsteps!—I saw a man approaching the spot I had just quitted—He was a tall, raw-boned looking *Gypsy*. Concealed from observation by the intervening hedge, I watched his motions.

I saw him stride across the poor animal—Drawing a clasp-knife from his breast, he looked wistfully around him—I had often read of famished Russians devouring their horses!—What did he meditate?—

Keen hunger was depicted in his sharp countenance! The vagrant wielded his knife—I stood breathless—the next moment I saw him cut a huge *stake*.

"From the Donkey?"

No—Madam,—from the adjoining hedge!

OMEGA

EPIGRAM.

For the Rector in vain
Through the parish you'll search;
The curate you'll find,
He lives hard by the Church.

ELLEN RAY.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"Evil communications corrupt good manners."—Solomon.

PART I.

"Sing it again, Corney—sing it again!—that's what I call a song: none of your die-away ditties—but a real good song,—the sort of thing one can't forget. Sing it again, Corney—again—again—again!" Such were the sounds that issued in a loud but merry tone from the best parlour of Mr. Gerald Gore, the sign of whose hostelry set forth the far-famed race between the hare and the tortoise.

"Sing it again: so I will, if I can," replied the travelling dealer, universally known and welcomed under the *soul-riquet* of "Irish Corney." "So I will, with all the veins of my heart—if I can remember it, that is. Och, bother!"

"Twas in the town!"—no, that's not it;—"Sweet Moyna Doyle!"—that's not it either—is it?" he inquired, casting a roguish look on the company, who, as well as he, had sacrificed liberally at the shrine of the demon who presides over spirituous abominations.

"I am sure I don't know," replied Mr. Gore, the rosy landlord.

"You don't know!—see that now!" ejaculated Corney, somewhat irritated at the reply; "see that, gentlemen! He does not know whether my song was 'Paddy Cary' or 'Moyna Doyle'; and he just after saying it was the sort of thing one could not forget. Oh, the desateness of that man bangs the Tories to nothing!"

"Gentlemen," exclaimed Gerald Gore, rising in all the mock solemnity of unconscious intoxication, "I call to order; and move that Mister Corney Doran pay a fine of one penny to the club, for introducing politics after the prescribed hour;" and he pointed with a trembling finger at the eight-day clock that, in its varnished frame, graced the other end of the parlour.

"And who talked politics?" expostulated Corney; "sorra a word, nor the title of a—"

"Silence!" roared forth James Leighton, the carpenter, who was a wag of another description. "If *tories* and *tithes* are not politics write me down an ignoramus, master Corney."

"Certainly—certainly!" echoed all the "gentlemen." "Mister Treasurer, scratch down Mr. Corney Doran (and, mind, no credit)—a penny for the Tories."

"More than they're worth any way," grimmed forth the travelling dealer, good humouredly.

"A penny for tithes."

"More than the parsons will have this day five years," again interrupted the Irishman, so pleased at the opportunity of disseminating his principles that he ceased to think of his penec.

"Silence!" interrupted the landlord, who had managed to take an extra quantity during the dispute. "My house, gentlemen, is a licensed, respectable house,—licensed, by a clergyman, and a justice of the peace."

(Corney aside.) "More shame for the clergy to have to do with such things."

"Licensed, I say, to be honest and respectable; and if in conformity with the wishes of my friends and neighbours, and—and"

"And to the march of intellect," added Corney, casting another sly look on the company.

"Mister Corney Doran, do you wish to put an affront on me; or do you want to speak my English speech with your blundering Irish tongue?"

Corney Doran had sojourned many years in England; but instead of grafting the neat and temperate habits of the English on his own wild and disjointed ones, and thereby becoming a staid and sober person, with a sufficient quantity of animation to rescue him from the charge of heaviness, he had only acquired knowledge enough to render him cunningly alive to his own interests, or, more properly speaking, the interests of his own party, which, with an Irishman, means one and the same thing: he had thus been rendered more cautious, but not an atom more sincere. He had learned, in some degree, to curb his words and actions when his blood boiled and his spirit cried "vengeance"

—the most difficult lesson in the course of an Irishman's education; but an illusion to his "tongue"—his dear accent, which, like the generality of his countrymen, he fancied he had completely got rid of, was more than flesh and blood could bear; and he told Gerald Gore that his speech was as good as his, not to say better, and he would be "long sorry" to give utterance to the stupidity that often proceeded from the lips of mine host of the "hare and tortoise"—an illiterate "craythur," whose mind kept footing with the miserable pace of the "outlandish baste" on his own sign, and who had not courage to "stand up like a man" for the rights of the people. As to his accent, he would fight any one who abused it: was not it as good as their "Zummersetshire" lingo? Tongue indeed! he'd defy any man to tell what "country" he was by his tongue, unless his tongue chose to tell of itself.

The speech produced much laughter; the Irishman seized a bottle in one hand, and his shillela which, as emblematic of his calling, measured exactly a yard, in the other, and stood

"Glowing and fierce with ire,"

prepared to hurl either one or both at any opponent. There was a general pause;—during that pause the door opened, and a tall, delicate-looking woman appeared within the threshold. It was, indeed, but for a very brief moment that she stood there; yet it caused as complete a change to pass over the party as if they had slept off the effects of their night's debauch. Corney Doran suffered the bottle to regain its place on the table, and dropped his uplifted arm, stick and all, quietly by his side. The landlord smiled, and, apparently aware for the first time of the difficulty of maintaining a just equilibrium, held fast by the back of his chair; the rest of the company assumed grave looks of sagacity and sobriety, which sat but strangely on their inflated features. The young woman advanced to the secretary, without paying any attention to the other members of the party, and calmly said in a low, composed voice, "Michael, your wife is ill."

Michael Ray changed colour, and instantly rose from his seat, with a look troubled and abashed.

"Ill," repeated Gerald Gore; "I did not think her time was so near. My wife shall return with you, Miss Ellen;—she's as clever as the doctor, who might be wanted before any one could get to his house, which is a long three miles, even across Back-house Lane, and a weary, dirty way this wet night."

"Who talks of miles or weariness? I'll go for the doctor myself," exclaimed the Irishman, the current of his impetuosity at once turning into the stream of good-nature: "I'll go for twenty doctors. Let Michael away with his sister. And hark, Michael, Garryowen's as fresh as a daisy by this time, and carries double like an angel; so you and Miss Ellen can return to Kingswell on the back of him—save time, ye see; and Mr. Gore's blind mare will trot brisk as lightning by day or night; so I'm off on her."

He was proceeding to put his plan into execution, when Ellen Ray interposed;—"Thank you, Mr. Doran, but it is not needed; I have been myself to Brantham; the doctor is by this time at Kingswell."

"Merciful Moses!" ejaculated Corney; "been to Brantham this pouring night, across the country"—and such a country—so ill-behaved just now,—and by yourself! Take a drop, Miss Ellen—the last taste in life of this—'twill keep the cold from your heart. Why you're ringing wet,—and your beautiful hair like a stream o' gould over your shoulders. Mrs. Gore, Ma'am!—she'll make you something warm when the sleep's out of her eyes, though it's not much past ten. Michael, you must take Garryowen,—Miss Ellen isn't able to stand. Och, Michael, dear, that's my coat you've *echt* hault of, and Mr. Leighton's hat: here's your own. My poor fellow don't take on so—sure she'll get over it well,—may be she's over it by this time: not that I blame ye, for there's few in this or any other country like your dear Rachel. The saddle's not off Garryowen. We'll drink a bumper to her getting over it, when you're gone; and, for fear of making a mistake, why we'll drink the health of the son, and the health of the daughter, a capital plan—hit the right nail by hook or by crook."

When our travelling merchant had fairly established Michael Ray, and his excellent sister, Ellen, on the back of Garryowen, he returned with Mrs. Gore to the party, whom this little incident had disturbed, and joined heartily in the praise bestowed by the landlady and her daughters on their neighbours at Kingswell.

"Well," said the elder girl, "though Ellen's so kind, and so good, yet there's a something about her I never could make free with. She was well brought up, and was left a pretty fortune too; but neither the one nor the other ever made her proud. She's as humble as a dove, yet as lofty as an eagle. One cannot tell whether to love or admire her most."

"I'll go off myself, in a couple of hours, to know how they get on," chimed in the loquacious Corney. "Somehow, I don't think Michael's as frank or as free-hearted as he was; and I have heard that the world does not go as well as it used with him. Oh indeed, it goes well with no one at these times, except the great landholders, and rich lords: it's hard with the poor now-a-days!"

"The world ought to go well with Michael Ray," replied the landlady, as she snuffed out the candles, and poured the dregs of the glasses into a venerable punch-bowl, that graced the head of the table; "for he has an industrious wife, and a wonderful good and clever sister, and land at no very extravagant rent."

"But," said the landlord, who, having made his trembling adieus to his friends, grappled the punch-bowl to himself, "how is any man to live when every bit he eats, and every drop he drinks, is taxed—taxed—taxed? I maintain that no true patriot ought either to eat or drink."

Jane Gore, a merry, blue-eyed girl, arrested the bowl as it reached her father's lips, and, holding it up in triumph, exclaimed, "then don't you drink any more, father, for you call yourself a patriot; and, besides, you have had enough to-night."

Poor Mrs. Gore groaned heavily; for it must be confessed that her lord and master generally "had enough" every night: and though she had long ceased to expect that the "leopard would change his spots," or, to speak plainly, that her husband would abandon the pernicious habit which so surely leads to destruction, yet she had not conquered her repugnance to it, though she could not avoid smiling with her buxom daughters at the change which intemperance never failed to produce in Gerald Gore's politics and principles. When the worthy landlord might be strictly called "sober"—that is, from the hour of rising until about two in the afternoon—no man more steadily supported the *old regime*. He was a pure disciple of "church and king"—advocated tithes, taxes, and the corn-laws—showed hospitality to the curate, veneration for the rector, and would have kissed the hem of a bishop's garment. In conformity with the taste of the times, he suffered a political club—an embryo political union—to meet at his house, because, had he not done so, they would have assembled at "The Flying Horse;" but he wisely penned the regulations respecting their assembling in the morning—consequently restricted, in a great degree, their discussions after a particular hour—and, constituted himself chairman, a measure even his political customers did not object to, seeing that then they had not to do with "Phillip fasting:" for after the hour of two, and in proportion to his potations, be it known that mine host warmed gradually into radicalism—grumbled bitterly at taxes—sneered at tithes—and abominated the corn-laws. It is only justice to add that he seldom arrived at this conclusion before midnight—that portions of the old leaven, even at the eleventh hour, would at times cling to him, and that he invariably awoke the next morning with the same veneration for lawn sleeves, and high places, unscathed and undiminished.

But enough of this. We must leave the good folk to their occupations and repose, and follow in the homeward track of Ellen and Michael Ray. The night was wild and stormy; sudden gushes of wind shook down the leaves of autumn, while ever and anon a branch groaned, as if in bitter anguish, as the rude blast tore it from its parent-stem, and flung it in cruel sportive-ness to decay. The clouds passed and repassed along the canopy of heaven in huge and blackened masses, now contending with, now yielding to, the howling and mysterious cause of earthly and heavenly tumult.

At intervals a bright and glittering gleam of lightning would dance upon the bosom of the lowering clouds, showing their dark yet shadowy forms with terrible distinctness, while the deep-mouthed thunder growled. The road they traversed was harsh and broken; yet the panting horse, urged by Michael to its utmost speed, had more metal than could be expected from so meagre an animal. Suddenly, however, at a turn of the road he stumbled, and would have fallen but for the prompt exertions of a strong and ready help. A stranger sprang from behind some brush-wood and held him firmly by the bridle, while Ellen, whose presence of mind never forsook her under any circumstances, slipped off, and sought to ascertain the cause of the disaster.

"He has fallen lame," she said, looking quietly up into her brother's face; "nevertheless, with you he can pace it bravely; we are not a mile from Kingswell: so ride on, and I will follow."

"Shall you not be afraid, Miss Ellen," inquired the stranger respectfully, and, in despite of the storm, not merely touching, but removing his hat.

"Afraid," repeated Ellen Ray; "no, Mr. Barnett; I should fear nothing, although you and all the poachers in the parish beset my path."

"For shame, Ellen!" expostulated Michael; "I have a great mind to go on, and leave you to Barnett's protection."

"Go on you must," she replied, as she steadily pursued her path. "I fear I shall walk as fast as your horse can go; and if I could not, brother, still I should never stoop to be obliged by one I cannot respect."

"Still the same," muttered the stranger withdrawing his hand from the bridle. "Michael, shall we see you to-morrow night at Eller's-hole?"

"No, no: Rachel is taken ill, and we are hurrying home."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the poacher. "Well, I am not surprised: those cursed dogs of the squire's must have terrified her out of her life this afternoon: and then to have her pretty flower-garden destroyed. You were not at home, I believe; but the hair was killed before her eyes—enough to frighten her, I think: the very hare, too, that fattened on your own land,—think of that, Michael."

"Michael, Michael," called the clear voice of his sister, sounding like a Sabbath-bell amid the storm. He struck the horse a blow with his clenched fist; and sending an oath, laden with vengeance, to add to the night's distraction, soon overtook and passed his sister.

"To think now of her never telling him the cause (for I am sure it was the cause) of his wife's sudden confinement!" murmured the stranger. "She's an odd girl; and but for her he would have been with us in act as well as heart long ago. His time's to come yet though:" and he plunged into the copse from which he had so abruptly issued.

When Michael entered his dwelling he found every one in consternation. A child had not yet been born into the world, and but little hopes were entertained by the medical attendant of the mother surviving the birth. Rachel had ever been a weak, delicate being—weak in body, weak in mind—one of those lovely, drooping flowers which, ere you place it in your bosom, is fading away. You have just time to look upon its beauty and inhale its fragrance, when, lo! its leaves are scattered upon the earth. The terms idol and husband had with her but one signification. He was, indeed, her all; and, during the first two years of their union, no husband could more deserve the undivided affection of the simple and single-minded woman. She loved him with the perfect love that can only take root with the trustfulness and dependence which the weak feel towards the strong; and long after the handsome and spirited Michael became the orator of the village club, and the leader of the discontented politicians, she thought he was still treading the sober path of right and reason. When, however, his farm was neglected, his debts unpaid, and he was seldom seen in the "Ingle Nook" of his own cottage, something, pressing heavily on Rachel's heart, told her that, when Ellen remonstrated with her brother on the evil and impolicy of his ways, she reasoned justly. Still she could not bear to chide; a gentle, affectionate kiss was her sole reproof, and the simple and touching entreaty of "Do stay at home to-night, Michael—this one evening, dear Michael,—they

cannot want you at the club every evening," the only argument she ever used to keep him at home. She had, indeed, other methods: she would place his favourite canary on the table, or display to his admiring eyes a new carnation or a gaudy tulip—the present of the clergyman's wife,—and pass over the time, talking of their treatment and culture, so as to make it "too late for the club;" but latterly these little arts failed in producing the desired effect; and Ellen declared what Rachel silently acknowledged by her tears—that Michael was becoming the slave of bad habits, and the tool of designing men.

"If you, Rachel," she would say, "could only summon sufficient firmness to join your expostulations to mine, Michael might still be saved: as it is, I see nothing for him—for us all—but destruction."

"But you, my dear Ellen, talk so well, and possess so many advantages over me; you tell him every thing so wisely: yet, after all, you cannot love Michael as I do."

"Not as you do," replied Ellen Ray, in a low, subdued voice; "yet I do love him. I was ten years old when Michael was born: our dying mother took the child, warm from her bosom, and laid it on my lap."

"I am dying," she said, "and you are young; but promise me you will be a parent to that innocent, and I shall depart in peace." I did promise, and I have performed. I have poured into his ear the truth and instruction that had been impressed on my own mind. I purchased him his farm."

She paused; and then with a powerful effort, and in a still lower tone, continued: "I expelled from my heart one in whom that heart delighted, because I felt that my interest in Michael was diminishing under the influence of a still stronger feeling. I wear," she added, smiling faintly,

"the badge of old-maidhood with cheerfulness, though few would have been more sensible or more alive to the duties of wedded life. Your love, Rachel, is different; but it cannot surpass the love of which I speak."

Rachel hid her small, glowing face on Ellen's shoulder, and wept. "I will do any thing," she said, "that you desire. Shall I beg of him to mend the fence next the squire's preserve, and sow barley afresh in spite of the pheasants?"

"With all my soul I wish that England contained not a single head of game," replied Ellen, bitterly: "better that they should all be swept off at one blow than preserved, as it is called, at the expense of so much harshness on the one hand, and destroyed by such low cunning on the other. No: say nothing about the unfortunate, and, I must confess, sacrificed property: his heart was in that barley; and out of the disputes between him and the gamekeepers up sprang the first personal grievance he had to complain of."

"Shall I say nothing, then?" she again inquired timidly: "Nothing, perhaps, until our baby is born; and then I can show it him, and ask him to reform for its sake, if not for mine—he is so fond of children."

Ellen shook her head. "I dread his habit of intoxication more than any other," she replied.

"Oh, how can you accuse him of that! I have hardly ever seen him—"

"You would say drunk," continued Ellen. "Not that exactly, but what he calls *exhilarated*, which, according to my reading, is either half mad or stupefied, or both; it is the root of all vice—the devil's leading-string,—commencing with a hair, and ending in a cable."

When Michael, as we have stated, entered the cottage, the servant was in tears; and a kind female neighbour, whom he beckoned to him from the chamber, while she told him "to hope for the best," looked as if he were to prepare for the worst. He insisted on seeing the doctor; and, seizing him convulsively by the arm, exclaimed, with the fanatic energy of a madman, that he would bestow upon him all he possessed in the world, so he would but save her life. The gentleman shook his head, and, requesting him to be composed, calmly pointed towards heaven. Michael understood the allusion; and there was a time when he would have acted upon it. He rushed into their quiet parlour; there was the chair on which that morning she had sat, inhaling the perfume of the few flowers that lingered through the autumn. He threw open the casement; at the moment the clouds burst from the

face of the full moon, and he saw that what Barnett had said must be true. The small, neat beds were torn up and trampled upon; her favourite plants were mingled with the clay; and a pretty jessamine, whose silver blossoms had often shone in all their starry beauty in her dark hair, was sprinkled with the blood of the innocent hare, who had met its death before her eyes. He turned from the window with feelings which may be felt, but cannot be described; and his eye fell upon a jar of brandy that his sister had left out, with her usual precaution, in case it should be wanted during her absence. He filled a goblet nearly to the brim, and drank it off; then threw himself in a chair, and, laying his burning forehead on the table, resolved to wait patiently—oh, the bitter, the unsearchable pangs of such *patience*!—the termination of her travail. Suddenly a great cry from the chamber, and then a wail—the small wail that tells when a new creation first breathes the bitterness of existence. Michael started from his seat; he clasped his hands; he would have prayed *then*, but the power was denied him. The room whirled round—his head swam—he could not stand; yet enough of consciousness remained to turn what, *if sober*, would have been a prayer, into a deep, but muttered curse upon himself. Under the influence of the strange infatuation which makes the self-accusing drunkard thirst for more, he grasped again the fatal flaggon, again filled forth the goblet, and had emptied its contents, when his sister's hand literally dashed half of it to the earth.

"Could you not abstain for one hour?" she said, in a tone of strong reproach. "Shake off this lethargy; you are a father; yet will your hearth soon be desolate. Rachel is dying, Michael: she feels it but too surely: yet she calls for you, to give the infant, with her feeble hands, into your care."

The unhappy man staggered towards the chamber of death and new existence; the pale, beautiful face of his dying wife was upturned at his approach, and what little of life remained was summoned to the one weak effort of raising the babe, and placing it in his arms. She looked into his face, but his eye was leaden and heavy within its socket. It answered not, for it understood not the last look of love; nevertheless, almost mechanically he extended his arm towards her—they fell beneath their own weight.

"Ellen," said the dying woman, "I see it now; take the babe from me, and be to it what you have been to him." Ellen Ray pressed the little innocent to her bosom. "It is enough," she murmured. "But Michael, Michael, you will I hope—kiss—and—bless—me." He remained totally unconscious of her appeal.

"I would kiss his lips once more," she continued, in a broken and suffocating tone, while endeavouring to raise herself in the bed, "hot though they be with his destruction." The only harsh sentence she ever applied to him passed with her passing breath. Light fled from her eloquent eyes, though the glassy stare of death remained fixed on the countenance of her husband.

PART II.

About eighteen months after the death of the single-hearted and simple-minded Rachel Ray, two travellers, a man and a woman, were seated beneath a wide-spreading and gaily-flowering hawthorn, in the midst of a green and spacious meadow. From the position in which they sat they could take note of every passenger along the high road, and also trace the calm and clear meandering of the river, which, though it flowed freely and skirted the meadow with its silver girdle, deserved no more dignified appellation than that of "Trout Stream; one, however, in which our honest, ancient friend, Isaak Walton, would have much delighted. It was so clear, and yet indented with so many small bays, or creeks, wherein floated the golden lily and other not less graceful water-plants, or, rather, plants enjoying the delights of a two-fold creation—springing from earth, and sporting in the waters, partaking of the luxury of both.

The sun was high in the heavens, and casting upon earth those burning beams which still the labour of the bee, and bid the small birds hide beneath the foliage of the spreading forest. June was not yet written in the

calendar, though its heat had come; and the song of the cuckoo sounded on the streams like a bell inviting to enjoyment and repose; the very air was sleepy—overladen with the balm and honey of existence; the yellow frog trailed its enfeebled limbs through the green but sultry herbage; and the chirp of the grasshopper grew less frequent as the day advanced. The travelers both seemed weary; both carried tokens of sorrow in their countenance, but the man's brow was marked by stronger lines than those which even sorrow leaves: the expression of hers was that of sadness, his of violence; yet each was in the prime of life and beauty.

They had not been long seated on the turf when the woman withdrew a shawl from a bundle which she had laid upon her knees, and a smiling child—smiling and happy in the innocence and loveliness of early days—laughed joyously into her face. She gathered a wild rose, and, holding it before the infant, waved it so as to attract its attention; the child laughed more gaily, but still the woman looked as though she had read and meditated upon that exquisite old poem of Herbert's—

"Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye;
Thy root is ever in its grave—
And thou must die!"

Their store of supplies did not seem very abundant: there was a small basket of delicate workmanship, but of faded appearance; and the bundle which the man had supported on a stick over his shoulder was enveloped in a scarf or shawl that had once been possessed of considerable beauty: to use an emphatic Irish phrase, it looked like the "relics of old decency," and told that its owner had seen better days.

And was the basket and the bundle all that remained to Michael Ray of this world's goods—of house, and farm, and stock, that had been his but eighteen months before? Alas! Michael had lost more—for his name was blighted. All was lost unto him save the deep devoted love of his sister, and that God, either for mercy or for misery, as it might hereafter be, had spared the life of his innocent child.

Who has ever looked into the face of childhood without feelings of the deepest anxiety as to its future fate? We know that, if life continue, the smooth brow must wrinkle, the bright eye grow dim, and, worse than all, the young, small heart, that beats so calmly within its intricate dwelling, become worn and hackneyed in the world's ways. Life, whether passed in a palace or a cottage, is a continued miracle—the most wonderful miracle of Him whose name is WONDERFUL. Ellen Ray would not perhaps have expressed her thoughts in such language as she gazed upon the features of her nephew: but she felt that to her was committed the awful task of training up a soul to immortality.

After Rachel's death Michael had entirely abandoned himself to those evil-disposed fomenters of public and private mischief with whom we first saw him associated. Political discord succeeded political discussion: the hydra was many-headed: and the once tranquil village became a scene of universal discontent. The evil was easily traced to the meetings at Gerald Gore's. The neighbouring magistrates, perhaps with more zeal than discretion, took the earliest opportunity to withdraw his license; consequently, the poor cried "Shame" upon the tyranny of the rich. Michael sank lower and lower: his wife's death, instead of pointing out the horror of his one inveterate habit, appeared to have confirmed him in it. At first, great were his resolves; but, alas! still greater was his weakness. "Hell is paved with good intentions," says the proverb; those of the drunkard are as dust. "I will never leave him," was the determination of his noble sister; "the word in season may yet be spoken, and God may hear, even at the eleventh hour. Is not the soul of my only brother precious in my eyes?"

The person whom we encountered at the commencement of our story, at the "hare and tortoise," were among the best of the class to which they belonged. There were others, who skulked behind hedges, and concealed themselves in barns and the silent and solitary clefts of the valley, during the day, and at night stole into meetings of the infatuated peasantry, and distilled strong poison into their ear, or engaged in those illegal practices which had already rendered them banned and

blighted. Of the number of those was Barnett, who met Ellen and Michael on the awful night of his wife's death; his influence was, unfortunately, great over the mind and actions of the unfortunate young farmer. It was in vain that Ellen expostulated: he would listen, ay, and promise too; but, as before, he lacked strength in the performance. It will sometimes happen that the winning gentleness of a weak-minded woman can bind the strongest man more than the true and faithful reasoning of intellect and wisdom. The lord of the creation is flattered and soothed by the former; while the female monitor, no matter how correct she may be, is regarded as assuming a place to which she has no right. It would be paying Ellen Ray a poor compliment to say her intellect was equal to that of her brother; it was infinitely superior. She was the favourite child of *reason*, he the creature of *impulse*; consequently great and perpetual was the error of his ways.

Ellen had prepared some food for the laughing child, which she had fostered with so much tenderness, when her attention was attracted by a voice which she quickly recognized, coming from a low copse that straggled along a portion of the beautiful meadow that sloped towards the water.

"Michael,—Michael Ray," it said, first in a low tone, which Michael heeded not; for he sat—his face buried in his hands, and his walking-stick resting upon his knees—the picture of discontent, and misery, and self-reproach.

Ellen turned abruptly round, and the still blithe, though worn-out features of Corney Doran, surmounted by a rabbit-skin cap, met her view,

"Starting from 'mid the rambling hazel tree
And wild sweet briar."

He soon joined the little group; and Michael, aroused from his lethargy, welcomed him with much more cheerfulness than one would have expected in connexion with so sorrowful a countenance. It was long since they had met; for poor Corney had been compelled to quit the country soon after the meeting at Gerald Gore's which introduced him to our notice.

"It's myself is sorry to see you this way, though I know all about it, and was tould I should meet ye here from one who knows a deal more than he ought, and is far from sound to the back-bone, either as friend or foe. But, Mike, astore, between you and I, and the blue heavens that's above us, the politics does little good to the likes of us. See how the farm melted from you; and all in such little time; and poor Miss Ellen! to follow your fortunes—or, rather, to follow you without any fortunes. And, sure, I'm the boy that was broke horse and foot; for Garryowen, the craythur, was seized from under me, as I may say; and all the bits o' things that was in him, books and papers, and the like, leading to make people wise; but, indeed, Miss Ellen, I often thought of a saying of yours, that it's little good half wisdom ever did any one."

"Words have fallen uselessly from my lips, and left no more impression than the tread of the grasshopper on the blade of grass," replied Ellen; "but Michael, with fortune or without fortune, is still my brother. And his child has no mother but me."

"Ay—ay," chimed in Michael; "beyond that blue hill floats the ship that will carry us all to another land, where there is liberty of word and action; and where I can forget the past."

"Liberty!" repeated Corney; "liberty in Ameriky is—all in my eye. I've had my spell there, as well as elsewhere; and sorra a bit more 'mong the Yankees than 'mong ourselves."

"Corney, if you know all you appear to know, you can readily call to mind how I have been treated by what are called laws, and laws for the protection of liberty, too. Why, at this moment," continued Michael, with a fearful laugh, which rang wildly and out of tune over that tranquil landscape,—“at this very moment I might be—no matter where,—if the laws—the precious laws—had but their way."

"Michael," said Ellen, solemnly, "house and farm, beast and bird, are ours no longer. Wild and misguided you have been; but surely there is nothing hanging over you that I know not of, and that is likely to heap more shame upon your head?"

Michael returned no answer to her question or her look; nor, indeed, had he time to reply to either, for he was seized upon by two men, of whose approach none of the party were aware. Ellen cast a suspicious look at Doran; he had confessed that he knew of their movements; but there was no possibility of continuing to suspect him of treachery when one of the constables was felled to the earth by his hand.

"This is no time for acts of violence," observed Michael, resigning himself, with the stern calmness of a desperate man, into the custody of the laws he had so often anathematized. "Corney, my fine fellow, keep your aid for a better cause. As to me, what my pious sister would call the 'hand of God,' but what I call the claw of the devil, is on me, and I cannot escape from it."

"Blisters on your tongue, you spalpeen!" exclaimed the Irishman; "only you're in the height of trouble, I'd lay you alongside that limb o' the law, just for the jeer you evened to your sister."

"Stop," interrupted Ellen; "Goad him not; he cannot bear it now, broken, ruined as we are. I knew not of another storm. And will you not tell me," she continued, turning to the man who was securing Michael's wrists with handcuffs, "for the love of mercy—for the love of God—why this is? Man—man,—you are yourself a father! Look at this child; and, if you know what pity is, yield to it this once, and leave us in peace to pursue the course which, in a few hours, will bring us on the way to a strange land. You mistake—I am sure you do—my brother for some other man. His name is"—

"Michael Ray. Eyes blue—nose long—teeth white—hair chestnut—height five feet ten inches. You need not agitate yourself, miss, if so be you are a miss, and his sister; for you do not look as if you had any share in the robbery or part murder of old Giles Handring last month."

Whatever more the brute uttered was lost upon Ellen Ray, whose form and features became rigid as marble. Certain remembrances flashed across her mind, and whirled through her brain, which for some minutes deprived her of reason. When consciousness returned she was alone in that sweet meadow, a stricken creature, where all around seemed teeming with hope and happiness. Her eye instinctively sought out her little nephew. Oh, blessed childhood!—age of the rosy cheek—the laughing lip—the quick, joyous-beating heart! The little innocent, in perfect unconsciousness of all sorrow, was creeping along the green sward after a butterfly, his countenance sparkling with delight, and his little frame animated into fresh beauty at every movement made by the gorgeous insect. She sought another object; and not far off, on the high road, Michael was seen between the two men who led him—a manacled captive. Ellen could not part thus from her brother. She sprang with renewed vigour towards the group; and the officers were sufficiently affected by the reality of her grief to suffer him to remain for a few moments while she spoke her parting words.

"Michael," said the afflicted woman, "is this true? Is it possible that you have flown in the face of God and man, as they say you have? Only speak—one word will be enough!—Michael!—Michael!—one only word to your poor sister! One word!" she repeated, throwing her arms round his neck, with a burst of feeling new, and for her extraordinary: "only one word to save me from distraction."

The unfortunate man looked upon his sister, and, as she often said in after years, that one look brought back to her the brother of her youth, with all the warm and affectionate feelings which promised so happily in his boyhood.

"I am INNOCENT," he said; "I declare it to you before God, Ellen; but much may appear against me which will stagger your belief in your brother's word. I wish you would not heed it; for you are the only one now who cares for me in this wide, bad world. May the Almighty protect you! I would pray for you to-night in my prison, if I dare. I could not kiss my child yonder. Ellen, I stooped to kiss him, but felt as if his father's kiss would plant a curse upon his innocent lips."

"Come along now, master," interrupted one of his guardians. "And as for you, my good woman, when next you meet your friend in the rabbit-skin cap, tell

HOMES ABROAD.

A TALE.

By HARRIET MARTINEAU.

CHAPTER I.

HOME IN A PARADISE.

THE fair and fertile county of Kent has long suffered peculiarly from the poverty of its laboring population. To the traveller who merely passes through it, it looks like a fruitful garden, capable of affording support to as many inhabitants as can gather round its neat towns, or settle on the borders of its orchards, hop-grounds, and corn-fields; yet it is certain that nowhere,—not in the alleys of Manchester or the cellars of London,—is more abject, hopeless poverty to be found than in some of the country parishes of Kent. One class murmurs about tithes, and rages about poor-rates, while another sets law at defiance, and fills the country with news of murderous poaching expeditions, and of midnight fires;—guilty adventures, of which the first brings in only a precarious and dearly-bought advantage, and the other is the most effectual method that could be devised for increasing the very evils under which the people are groaning.

Some years ago,—before the first ruffian or fool of a rick-burner had conceived the bright idea of destroying food because the people were starving,—the parish of A—, in Kent, seemed to some of its inhabitants to be sunk into the lowest depth of poverty that could be found in a country like England; though, alas! it has since been proved that more remained to be endured by its population than had yet been experienced. The parish of A— contained at that time about two thousand persons; the number of laborers, including boys, was about 450, of whom upwards of 300 were of the agricultural class. The farmers were doing badly, and could not employ all these people; or, if they employed all, could not sufficiently pay any. They reckoned that there were between fifty and sixty able-bodied men more than were wanted. The burden on the parish of these men and their wives and families was very grievous to the poorer class of rate-payers; and in proportion as it became more difficult to them to pay, the numbers and the wants of the paupers increased; and among the whole body of the population of A—, the effects of want showed themselves more and more every day in the spread of recklessness and crime. It mattered not that in the spring the orchards were gay with the delicate pink of the apple-blossom, or that flourishing young plantations put forth their early verdure as if the place had been a paradise; for there was theft in the woods, and murmurs of discontent from beneath the hedgerows. It mattered not that in autumn the hop-pickers were busy gathering in their fragrant harvest; for too many of them had fathers, or brothers, or sons, looking on idly from a distance, envious of their employed companions, and thankless that the season had been propitious to the ripening of the delicate crop. It mattered not that the sun shone on fertile valleys and snug homesteads; for many a houseless parent scowled upon comforts which he must not share; many a child shivered with disease and hunger amidst the noon-day heat. It mattered not even that new dwellings for the poor were rising up here and there; for their creation was no sign of prosperity. They were reared by speculators in pauperism, who depended on the rents being paid out of the rate. From this circumstance, it was easy to guess by what class they would be occupied;—not by such cottagers as England boasted of, a century and a half ago, but by reckless youths with their younger wives, who depended on the parish to help out the insufficient resources of their labor.

These new cottages were an eye-sore to some of the once-prosperous inhabitants of the parish, who were forever complaining that the bread was snatched from their mouths by new comers. Among the grumblers was Castle; a man who, without fault of his own, was, in the full vigor of life, reduced from a state of comfortable independence to the very verge of pauperism. He had married early, and proved

himself justified in doing so, having been able, not only to support the two children of his first marriage, but to fit them for maintaining themselves by proper training in their occupations. Frank had served his apprenticeship to a house-carpenter, and was now a skilful and industrious workman of one-and-twenty years of age. His sister Ellen, three years younger, was a neat-handed dairy-maid, whom any farmer might be glad to have in his establishment. That she was out at service, and that Frank had something to do, however little, were the chief comforts of poor Castle at this time; for his own affairs looked dismal enough. He had married a second time, a woman much younger than himself, who had never known hardship, and was little prepared to meet it, however gay her temper seemed before there was anything to try it. She did nothing for her husband but bring him children and nurse them till they died, which they almost all did as times grew worse, and comforts became scarce. Only one little girl, now six years old, remained at home of all this second family. There were indeed two lads who called him father, though he had for some time disowned them as sons. He declared that Jerry and Bob were born rogues and vagabonds; and gave a peevish notice to all whom it might concern that he had cast them off to follow their evil courses, as they were so given to theft that it would ruin him to be made answerable for their misdeeds. Some people thought that fifteen and sixteen were ages at which some hope of reformation was yet left; and saw moreover that the lads had been driven to crime by want, and prevented from returning by dread of their parents' tempers. Castle was now almost invariably low and peevish; and at five-and-forty, had the querulous tone, wrinkled face, and lagging gait of an old man. The effect of hardship had been even worse upon his wife than upon himself. Instead of being peevish, she seemed to have lost all feeling; and while her husband yet worked as long as he could get anything to do, she was as lazy as if she had been brought up to live on parish bread. The only person who believed that any good remained in her was her step-daughter Ellen, who never forgot what a trying change of circumstances she had been exposed to, and persisted in saying, whenever she heard her attacked, that a twelvemonth's health and prosperity would show her to be a very different person from what the neighbors supposed. 'Give her help and hope,' she said, 'give her work and something to work for, and her voice will come down to what it was when she sang her first baby to sleep; and she will clean up her room herself, instead of preventing any one doing it for her. She will go to church again then, and learn to like Frank as she should do, and not curse her own poor boys as she does.' Some of Ellen's neighbors thought this cant; others believed her sincere in her hopes of her step-mother; but all agreed, when the crisis of Castle's affairs arrived at last, that, honestly or hypocritically, Ellen prophesied wrong.

News came that Jerry and Bob had been taken up for robbing and cruelly beating two young gentlemen whom they had decoyed into a wood on pretence of birds-nesting; and that, if not hanged, they would be transported. Castle declared, though with a quivering lip, that this was what he had always expected. His wife went further. She hoped they would be hanged, and put out of the way of being more trouble to anybody. She exhorted her husband to take no steps on their behalf, but be thankful that he was rid of them. The neighbors cried 'Shame!' and prevailed with Castle so far as to induce him to go to the magistrate who had committed the lads, and swear to their ages; as they were taken by strangers to be much older than they really were, and an explanation on this point might procure a mitigation of punishment. Castle was unwilling to leave home for two days while his wife was hourly expecting her confinement; but a woman who lodged in the same cottage offered to be with her, on condition of receiving the same attention from her when she should want it a short time hence. Castle was scarcely gone, when his wife had to send for assistance; and before her child was born, the neighbor who was with her was in a similar plight. It was the middle of the night; and the parish surgeon who attended them had no help at hand, and could not leave them to call for any. He wrapped up the two infants in the remains of a blanket, and laid them beside the fire he had himself lighted. It very naturally happened that he did not know which was which of the children, and that he had not presence of mind to conceal the difficulty. On taking them up, it was found that one was dead. His horror was great on perceiving that, instead of

there being any regret on this account, each mother was anxious to make out that the dead infant must be her own. Neither of them would touch the living one.*

An unobserved or forgotten witness appeared in the person of Castle's little daughter Susan, who had crept out from her dark corner to peep at the babes in the blanket.

'That is the one you wrapped up first, sir,' she said, pointing to the living infant.

'How do you know, my dear?'

'She knows well enough,' said the neighbor; 'she had nothing to do but to watch. She—'

'How do you know, my dear?' persisted the surgeon.

'Because this corner of the blanket fell under the grate, and got all black; and when you brought the other baby you wrapped it up in the black part. Look!'

'Tis all true,' said Castle's wife, 'and her child was born first.'

The surgeon set her right, and considered the matter decided; but it was far from being so. She scolded her little daughter for her testimony till the child slunk out of the room; she pushed the infant roughly from her, and cursed it for its cries. Her neighbor insultingly told her it was certainly sent to make up to her for one of the lads that was going to be hanged, and that it was only a pity she had not had twins. Words, dreadful to hear from a mother's lips, followed. The contention grew louder and more violent, till the surgeon, fearing for their lives and senses, and being unable any longer to bear a scene so unnatural and horrible, left the room, bearing with him the innocent cause of dispute. Little Susan was on the stairs, still sobbing and afraid to go in; so she was also taken home by the surgeon, when he had sent in a neighbor to tend his two patients.

'Here, my dear,' said he to his wife, on entering his own door, 'put this child to bed somewhere, and try if you can contrive to keep the infant alive till we can send it to the workhouse in the morning.'

'What has agitated you so much? Whose children are these?'

'The children of Providence only, my dear; for the hearts of parents are turned against their own offspring in these days.—What have I seen! I have seen the contention of mothers for a dead child. I have been with mothers who would thank any Solomon that should order the living child to be cut in two. Solomon himself could not read mothers' hearts in these days.'

'We will not be hard upon them,' said his wife. 'It is want that has done this;—want like that which made a mother of Solomon's nation devour her own child. We will not blame them. Would we could help them!'

The matter ended in the infant's being received into the workhouse, little Susan's testimony, though strong, not being so conclusive as to justify the surgeon's swearing to the parentage of the child; and there was no one else who could. When Castle returned, he observed that it signified little, as the parish must at all events have maintained the babe; neither he nor his neighbors could keep out of the workhouse much longer. This was soon found to be too true, when Ellen came home, being obliged to give up her place to a parish girl, and Frank appeared, with a grave face, to say that he was out of work, and had been so for so long a time, that he was convinced nothing was to be done but to go and seek his fortune elsewhere.

Many were the consultations between himself and his sister, as to where he should go. There was but little chance of being better off in England. He mentioned Canada; he rather inclined to the Swan-river settlement; but when news came that Jerry and Bob were sentenced to transportation, the idea struck the brother and sister at once that the whole family might follow, and by settling near the convicts, keep an eye upon them, and possibly recover them when they should be removed from the temptations which had proved too strong for them. Frank had heard much of the advantages of emigrating to New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land; and it appeared to him that no family was ever in circumstances that made the experiment less perilous than his own at this time. While Ellen took upon herself to mention the scheme to her father, Frank went to the curate of the parish, Mr. Jackson, whom he knew to have been employed in forwarding the emigration of some pauper laborers from the neighborhood; and from this gentleman he learned much of what he wanted to know.

It was to Van Diemen's Land that Mr. Jackson

* Fact.

had assisted in sending out some of his parishioners; and thither he advised Frank to go with his family, as there was a great demand for labor, both agricultural and mechanical, and as it would be the best situation for Ellen, from the great scarcity of female servants, especially dairy-women. It seemed very possible that interest might be made to get their brothers sent to the same place, as there were many convicts there already, and more were wanted as farm-servants. As to how the means of conveyance were to be raised,—the common method, Mr. Jackson said, was for laborers to bind themselves for five or seven years to some settler in the colony, at a certain rate of wages, from which the expenses of the passage, and of food, clothing and habitation for the term of years, were to be deducted. Castle and his wife might thus bind themselves, the one as a farm, the other as a domestic, servant in a family; and Frank's mechanical skill might enable him to make very good terms in the same sort of agreement. For Ellen, a better way still was open, if she could fortunately get included in the number of young women who were to be sent out by government from time to time, to supply the great want of female population in the Australian colonies. Mr. Jackson lent Frank books, which informed him of the state and prospects of the country whither he wished to go, and several papers issued by government, which explained the terms under which emigration was authorized by them. Frank found that the sum of money necessary to be raised was somewhat larger than he had supposed, but that the means of repayment were certain and easy. If Ellen could obtain a certificate from the clergyman of her parish, that she was between the ages of eighteen and thirty, that her health and character were good, and that half the expense of her passage, namely, £2., could be advanced by her parents, or friends, or the parish, she might stand her chance of being chosen by the government, to be sent out under safe guardianship, and immediately placed in a service on her arrival in the colony. There would be no impediment to her marrying as soon as she chose to do so; for which there were only too many opportunities from the circumstance of there being a very small proportion of women in the colony. If the parish could be prevailed on to advance the necessary sum for the conveyance of the rest of the family, it seemed that the prospects of all would become far better than they could ever grow at home,—better than Frank had dared to imagine since his childhood. It seemed so clearly the interest of the parish to favor the plan, that Frank returned to the consultation with Mr. Jackson, full of hope that a way was opening for finding, in a new country, those due rewards of labor which his native land seemed no longer in a condition to afford.

'What says your father to your scheme?' inquired Mr. Jackson, in the first place.

'Very much what he says to all schemes, sir. He likes nothing that is proposed, and starts every new plan. But as he dislikes and fears becoming dependent on the parish more than any thing else, I have great hopes that he will consent to go, if, after further consideration, I view the matter as I do now. We will do nothing hastily; but I certainly feel at present as if redemption was offered from a bondage which wears the soul and sickens the heart of man. There's my poor father—'

'Stay, stay, Frank. What do you mean by bondage?'

'The bondage of poverty, sir; of hopeless, grinding poverty. What bondage crows a man's spirit more? What sours and debases and goads him more than to work and work from year to year in vain? If it was a curse upon Adam to get bread by the sweat of his brow, what is it to give the sweat of one's brow and get no bread?'

'It is a hardship which ought not to be borne when a fair way is open to shake it off. I only checked you in the fear that you might be laying blame where it is not due. I agree with you as to the evils of your case, and the remedy you would seek.'

'As to where the blame lies, sir, our institutions must share it among them;—as well those in which the people are concerned, as the government. It is pretty clear, all the while, that the people in this parish are more than can be fed; and so the right way seems to be for some to go where food abounds; and the sooner they are off, the better for themselves and those they leave behind, when once they have settled where to go.'

'And who is to go?—for that is a question of no less importance,' observed Mr. Jackson. 'You would not take all your relations, Frank, would you?'

Frank replied that they were all equally in want,

his grandfather and grandmother as well as his father.

'But those who will help you to go,' continued Mr. Jackson, 'must consider the welfare of the country as well as yours. The parish must pay more for the passage and maintenance of your grandfather than he will probably cost them at home, and this cannot be expected of them if, for the same sum, they could send over a young couple, whose labor is wanted abroad, and whose family will never become burdensome.'

Frank saw at once that in sending over a young couple, the parish sent over also all their descendants, besides supplying a want in the colony abroad.

After a few moments' thought, he went on,—
'Surely, sir, it would relieve the country of its over-fullness at once, to send out a certain number of young people every year, as they become marriageable, instead of spending the same money in giving a passage to old people?'

'It would; and the entire effect of emigration, as a method of relief to the country at large, depends on the selection of those who are to go. The number of persons who become marriageable every year in this country is now 800,000. If these were sent out, it is plain that the country would be depopulated in the course of a single generation; but if we sent out the same number of old persons, it would make a very small difference in the amount of people at home; and it would not be worth the colony's while to receive those who would bring little labor and no population. If, again, we sent out that number of men and boys, to a colony where there are too few women already, we should afford ourselves only a half-relief, and give the colony nothing more than the present labor of these men and boys; whereas, by sending equal proportions of men and women, we give the colony all their descendants as well as themselves, and free ourselves from the same amount of labor,—which we do not want.'

'A much smaller number than 800,000 would be enough then, sir, to thin our population sufficiently?'

'Certainly. If, instead of sending out people of all ages, we were to select those who become marriageable, one-sixth of that number, or about 133,000 persons emigrating annually, would prevent our population increasing; and this might be done at an expense not exceeding a fourth of the sum annually raised for poor-rates, sending half to America and half to Australia. This would be well worth while, even if there were to be no repayment of expenses; which there might and ought to be from colonies where labor is much wanted.'

'I am afraid,' said Frank, 'that the parish will refuse to help my father and mother to emigrate, if it would answer so much better to send younger people.'

'Your father is still in the vigor of life, and may benefit the colony by twenty years' active labor yet; and your step-mother is several years younger. The parish sends out many less likely to repay them; but I do think your grandfather and his old lady are quite out of the question, even if they wished ever so much to go. But why should they go where every thing will be strange and therefore uncomfortable to them, and where they must, after all, be quite as dependent as at home? If you mean to maintain them, you can as well send money to them here as carry them over at a great expense, to receive it there; and if you cannot help them, they will be more forlorn there than living on their own parish. But you will be able to help them, since a fourth of your wages is all that the parish will require from you, and this will very soon pay off your debt. Ellen's £2. will easily be earned; and when she has worked herself free, she will be able to help the old folks.'

'Tis when I think of her,' said Frank, 'that I am most eager to get to a place where toil is not in vain. As often as I hear her laugh, or watch her going about the house with her light step and busy pair of hands, I tremble lest I should see a scowl come over her face by and by, and her gait and actions grow listless, like so many of the women hereabouts. It must be owing to want and helplessness that our girls cannot be merry without being bold; and that they are so given to idleness which has nothing of the nature of play in it. I can remember my step-mother, sir, just such a pretty, light-hearted woman as Ellen.'

'You will see more such if you go to Van Diemen's Land. There is toil there, and hardship too; but the toil is hopeful, and the hardship not of man's infliction.—I know you do not object to toil and hardship of this kind, Frank, or I should be the last person to encourage you to go. You must give up

English likings as to food and lodging, and (what is more difficult) as to ways of doing things. You must bear to be directed what work you are to do, and how you are to do it; you must resolve, from the beginning, to accommodate yourself to the people and the place, without thinking and talking too much about how things are in England.'

'All this is easy, sir, for the sake of plenty and independence.'

'I trust you will find it so. But, Frank, there are other things to be considered, both for your own sake and Ellen's. You probably see that in the present state of the colony, particular sobriety and discretion are required in all the young women that go there.'

Frank was quite ready to answer for his sister; and hoped that a settlement with a respectable husband would soon place her out of the reach of temptation. He perceived that he would find it less easy to marry than he might wish; and this seemed the greatest drawback to the plan; but, perhaps, when he should be prosperous enough to marry, he might send over for a wife, as he heard some settlers did; or might be fortunate enough to find one that he would like among the new emigrants who would be coming over from time to time.

Mr. Jackson advised him not to think much about this at present, if he really intended to go; and agreed with him that there appeared still less chance of his marrying in England, if he continued to be too conscientious to form such a pauper marriage as many of his neighbors were venturing upon.

From this day, Frank began tutoring himself and his sister for the new way of life they hoped to enter upon. They learned all they could, from books and persons, about the changes they might look for out of their own country. They inured themselves purposely to toil and heat and cold, and strove to bear with patience the trials of temper which continually arose. There was only one thing which they did not try to bear patiently; and that was, receiving parish-pay. Their father was as much disgusted at it as themselves; and this assisted his reconciliation to the emigration plan. He would not give his children the satisfaction of saying that he liked it, or hoped any thing from it; but he vowed he would not stay where he was; and as there was no other place to go to, this implied assent. He looked with sullenness on the preparations that were made; but he did nothing in the way of hindrance; nor did he contradict his neighbors when they took for granted that he was going. So Frank and Ellen considered the matter settled as far as he was concerned; and rather expected to see him much disappointed if any thing should occur to overthrow the plan. His wife seemed utterly indifferent whether she went or stayed, or what became of her; and the whole business seemed to rest upon the two young people and their friend, Mr. Jackson.

CHAPTER II.

HOMES ON THE WASTE.

WHILE the deliberations were going forward, some rumors which arose out of them reached the ears of a very influential gentleman in the neighborhood, to whom they were not at all agreeable. Mr. Fellowes was a young man of large property, who had just come of age, and whose kindly disposition and activity of observation equally inclined him to make the condition of the surrounding poor one of his first objects of interest. He had for some time been investigating their state and its causes, with a view to doing something for their relief when he should have the control of his fortune. He had fully satisfied himself of the evils of the poor-law system, and that the one thing wanted was an increased production of food,—an object, in his belief, very easy of accomplishment. This he intended to prove by an experiment of his own; or that which his friends called an experiment,—and he a demonstration. His plan became known to Mr. Jackson in due time, as well as to many others less willing to listen to what he had to say, and to regard his exertions with the seriousness and kindness which their importance and the benevolence of their motives deserved. It was with equal good will that these two gentlemen met at the parsonage-door one day, each having questions to put to the other.

'Pray is it true,' inquired Mr. Fellowes, 'that

you are encouraging the Castles and others of your parishioners to emigrate?

'Perfectly true; and I was coming to you to make a request as to something I wish you to do as soon as they are gone.'

'Let us see first whether it is necessary for them to go. Is it quite settled? Are they past being persuaded?'

'Their passage is not taken, but their minds are made up, and Ellen Castle's name is sent in to government.'

'It may be refused; and in that case there is time to save them yet.'

'Save them from what?'

'From what! From the manifold woes of the emigrant. Is it no evil to leave the country, and the kindred, and the father's house? Is it no evil to be severed from old connexions, and wrenched from all that has been beloved from birth? Is it no evil to be set down in a wilderness, where climate, soil, the habits of the people where there are any, and the solitude where there are not, are all uncongenial, and whatever happens is new and strange? Is it no evil to be banished?'

'All these are great evils, I grant: but from which of them are the Castles likely to suffer so much as by remaining here? Their country affords no kindly home for them. They will be disgraced in the eyes of their kindred by becoming a public burden; and their father's house long ago passed into hands better able to keep it up than theirs. They leave little behind that they love; for want has chilled their affections towards their country, and hardship is fast breeding hatred to the powers which have not hitherto succeeded in securing the happiness of the people. As for the rest,—they are going to a fine climate, a fertile soil, and among inhabitants who speak their language, and are under the same government with themselves. While they have plenty and independence before them, and leave only want and wo behind, I cannot think there is any cruelty in assisting them to go whither they wish.'

'But, sir, you are assuming that they must prosper abroad and be destitute at home; whereas I assert that neither the one nor the other need be the case. Look at the Swan-river settlement! There was no end of the praise we heard of the climate, and the soil, and the facilities of every kind; and yet where was there ever a more complete failure?'

'Through these very facilities the failure happened,' replied Mr. Jackson. 'Land was so cheap, and required so little capital to be laid out on it at first, that every laborer chose to have land, instead of letting his labor to capitalists. The consequence was, that capitalists could do nothing for want of laborers; and by the time their goods were rotted on the beach, and their cattle had strayed or died for want of proper care, the provisions they took out with them were consumed, the new crops had not come up, and all where reduced to equal distress. It was because all would be capitalists at first that all became laborers,—and very poor laborers, at last. This need not be the case again; and, in fact, the Castles hire themselves by contract to capitalists long settled in the parts they are going to.—And now tell me why it need not be that these people should be exposed to want and wo at home.'

'Simply because they might be colonized here instead of abroad. I am sure we have waste land enough and to spare for all our population.'

'As to space, undoubtedly; but what say you to its quality? Why is it still waste in the midst of a hungry population, if it is worth being tilled?'

'Let us try whether it is not; that is all I ask. Send the Castles, and twenty other families to me, and let us see whether corn will not come up upon well-dug ground, as it has ever done till now.—Remember that the condition of land varies under the influences of nature, and that soil once barren need not remain barren forever. Nature works,—more slowly it is true,—but not less surely than man, in preparing the waste for his support; and there is always a point of time, sooner or later, when he may take the work out of her hands and feed upon the fruits of her ministrations. Wherever there are furrows, wherever there are mounds, there is a growth of fertile soil. Particles of sand are brought by the winds to mix with decaying herbage. Minute seeds of plants and the decomposed elements of vegetable substances float in the atmosphere, are arrested by the first elevation they come in contact with, and settle down to enrich the land. The vegetation which springs up attracts the moisture of the air, and thus is fertility again promoted. It spreads and spreads till a desert becomes a field, or

in a condition to be made one. O, you may trust to nature to provide for man!'

'I question nothing of what you have said,' replied Mr. Jackson. 'On the contrary, when I preach of providence, I use as arguments whatever processes of co-operation and amelioration we can distinguish among the workings of nature, from the counteracting forces by which the planets are retained in their orbits, to the method by which the crevice of the rock exchanges, in due time, its carpet of moss for a crest of branching oaks. But nature is slow in her workings; and since the life of man is short, his business is to work with her, not to wait for her. Every acre of ground may in course of ages become capable of tillage; but our business meanwhile is to place our hungry brethren where nature's work is forwardest. Among the many grades of fertility prepared by her, it is our wisdom to choose the highest. This is what I preach as the truest gratitude to Providence.'

'I have rather wondered, I own, at the style of your preaching lately. It would strike a stranger as unusual.'

'I do not preach for strangers, but for my own flock; and if they are not enlightened enough to apply abstract principles, I must help them to be so. I must not only tell them to be honest, but show that honesty can scarcely subsist under overwhelming temptations to theft and fraud. I must not only recommend the domestic affections, but warn against turning them to bitterness by rashly incurring the risk of that destitution under which parents and children learn to look coldly on each other. I must not only speak of gratitude to God, but show how it may be made to spring up by distributing to all a share of his gifts, instead of being starved out by want and wo. If, as I believe, it be true that hardness of the lot brings hardness of the heart, and that blasphemy is a disease of the spirit-broken, how can I and other ministers of the gospel promote its influences so well as by teaching how to bring about that state of society which is most congenial to those influences?'

'Yours is a more likely way to gain your object than theirs who carefully separate the interests of the other world from those of the present.—Well! I am about to preach to the same effect by my actions as you from your pulpit.'

'Then, if you would second my doctrines, you must do the thing I told you I meant to ask of you. You must take down the cottages inhabited by those about to emigrate; and it must be done immediately on their departure, or I shall have to publish the banns of nobody knows how many young couples the very next Sunday. Unless you have inquired into the fact, you will hardly believe how many marry just because there is a house ready. We have too many dwellings in proportion to our food.'

'I have had thoughts already of removing to my new farm some cottages that belong to me, and of buying others from the speculators in our parish-funds, who are far too ready to build in our neighborhood. There will be little encouragement for them to build again when all the surplus population of the parish is located on my pauper farm, where no strangers may intermeddle. You must come and see the ground I have laid out.'

Mr. Jackson readily agreed to go, but had great doubts about the final results of the scheme. This seemed to Mr. Fellowes very strange, as they agreed upon the extent of relief at present wanted, and upon the capability of this farm to supply it.

'It was you yourself who told me, Jackson, that it is not the whole of the people now distressed that it is necessary to relieve. It is only the redundancy that we have to take care of.'

'Certainly: but it should be so relieved as not to produce a further redundancy.—We have among us, as we agree, sixty laborers more than we want. Of these none actually starve, and they therefore deprive some others of a portion of necessities. It appears accordingly that three hundred are insufficiently fed and clothed because there is a redundancy of sixty.'

'Well! my district farm will take off sixty at once, and more afterwards.'

'And will therefore produce an immediate relief, restoring to the remainder of the three hundred their proper share of necessities; so would the emigration of sixty. But mark the difference three generations hence. Our young people who emigrate carry their descendants with them to a land where they are wanted. The descendants of your pauper cultivators must be turned out upon society, after all, in greater numbers than you now abstract from it. It will be well if the grandchildren of your present dependants have not to emigrate at last, after the

expenditure of much capital that might have been better employed, and at a much greater ultimate cost than at present.'

'You seem to forget, Jackson, that the capital I am laying out is all to be reproduced, and that the people on my farm are to work themselves free. If any reliance is to be placed on calculations which have been conducted with the utmost care, if experience is to be trusted, if I may believe what I saw last month with my own eyes in the Belgian colonies (which it is worth a long journey to see,) a good deal more than the cost of settling my paupers and providing for them will be raised by their labor upon the ground. The best of them will in time repay me, and go out with money in their pockets to make room for others.'

'And where are they to go? To carry more labor and new families into a market which is already overstocked. How much easier to remove them at once to a labor market where they and their children will be permanently welcome!'

'I am forever met with objections about raising rents and overstocking the labor-market,' cried Mr. Fellowes.—'I that take no rent, and bind myself to employ all the labor!'

'I said nothing about rent,' replied the clergyman. 'I am quite aware that a farm like yours, made out of a forced application of capital, bears no relation to the natural process of rent. But I do not see how you can escape the charge of ultimately obliging a portion of society to pay too dear for their food.'

'What can you mean, when the very essence of my plan is—'

'Tell me your plan, and then I will tell you my meaning.'

'My plan is to show, on a small scale, how the charity-funds of this country might be employed productively, and therefore so as to fulfil the ends of charity. I would have the unappropriated wastes of Great Britain, amounting to, some say, 15,000,000 of acres, (and some say much more,) set apart to be the People's Farm. It should be cultivated by means of public funds, say our present poor-rates; and it should be so portioned out as that every pauper should have the interest of private property in his allotment.—The further internal arrangements should be made according to the judgment of the directors. Mine are to be as like as I can make them to those adopted in the pauper farms in the Netherlands. Each family shall have its portion of ground and its cottage, with food and clothing till these can be procured by themselves. The soil shall be improved to the utmost by spade-husbandry, and by preparations of manure requiring more labor than can be devoted to the object in a general way. The productiveness of the ground being usually very great under these methods, I expect a considerable surplus every harvest; of which a part will go to repay the original expenses, and a part to set forward the family when they re-enter the world. Meanwhile, the women and children will spin and weave, and we shall produce within our own bounds all that we want. We shall not even need money: for the people will pay one another in commodities.'

'That is, you are about to carry back a portion of society to a primitive condition—to delving, and a state of barter. If there was no choice between the starvation of a number and this state of society, I might be brought to look upon it with some degree of complacency: but when other ways are open,—when the question is,—not whether all shall relapse into barbarism or some starve,—but whether multitudes shall pass their lives in unassisted digging at home, or a few wander to distant parts of this fair earth to leave the many in possession of the blessings of advanced civilization,—I am for applying labor to its highest purposes, and for elevating instead of depressing the pursuits of society. No one doubts that if every hand was employed in tillage there would be food enough for all: the question is, whether it be not thus obtained at too great a cost,—every higher pursuit being sacrificed to it. Only convey to fertile regions abroad the half of those who are eager to go, and there will be abundance of food for all,—and of many, more things equally essential to the full enjoyment of life. If the Greeks had not done so, what would have become of all that they did to enlighten and bless the world? If they had fed their surplus numbers by employing more and more in tillage at home, as their numbers increased and the produce required was greater, there would now have been little of the philosophy, the literature, the fine arts, which have spread from their country over the world; while, after all, fewer would have lived, and fewer of the living would have been fed than under their system of emigration.'

'They seem never to have thought of the more obvious mode of providing for the people. Away they sent them, as fast as they overflowed their bounds.'

'Because they were so circumstanced as to perceive at once the fallacy of the supposed remedies which you and other benevolent persons here are advocating. The great body of the people among the Greeks were slaves, maintained by masters, and not, as with us, free laborers supported by their own toil. The deficiency of food was there first felt by the masters, in the cost of supporting their slaves. Here, it is felt mainly by the laborers in the fall of the real value of wages. In Greece, there was no dispute about the fact, from the moment that food became deficient. Here, such a deficiency is even now questioned by multitudes who declare that we have not a redundant, but only a poor population; that nobody wants food who has enough to give for it; and that therefore it is money, or work that is wanted, and not food. Such observers give alms, or pay their poor neighbors for digging holes and filling them up again, or doing things equally useless: never dreaming that all the while they are taking food from somebody who has earned it by a better kind of toil. Such follies as this could never be suggested by the state of things in Greece; and I see no reason why, because our lower orders are not slaves, we should not abjure our errors, and adopt such parts of the Grecian policy as were wise.'

'Well, but the long and short of the matter is this. If the quantity of food in Great Britain is too small, cannot it be increased?'

'To be sure it can. If ten thousand individuals can live this year only by taking a portion from their neighbors, we may raise as much food in addition next year as may feed ten thousand people, but if the people at the same time increase still faster, how are we better off than we were before?'

'But cannot we raise enough that year for twenty thousand people instead of ten thousand, to meet the difficulty? The People's Farm would admit of this.'

'It would: but here the question recurs, whether it will not answer better to send the ten or twenty thousand people where they may obtain food at much less cost of toil and capital, and where their descendants will not be liable to tax the mother country for food for generations yet unborn. At home it is only by a considerable sacrifice that the growth of food can be made for any length of time to equal,—or by any extraordinary effort to outstrip, the demands upon it; while, abroad, it spontaneously keeps ahead of population, and will be so in many parts, till men have grown wise enough to regulate population. Our best present policy, then, is to send our surplus numbers abroad to eat and prosper, instead of obliging more and more of our multitudes to dig at home. It is on your wish to make them do so much labor for a lesser instead of a greater production, that I founded my charge of your ultimately making a part of society pay too dear for their food.'

'You mean because labor is the price of food?'

'Yes; and food would be almost as much too dear under your system as under the present. At present, the competition for food is so excessive that men bid their labor against each other to desperation. Under your pauper-farm system, the same thing would take place in time; and in the mean while, every bushel of wheat would cost twice or thrice as much labor as in Van Diemen's Land; so that, both immediately and ultimately, you oblige a certain number to pay higher for their food than they need do and therefore ought to do.—And this without taking into consideration the change in the proportion of capital to population which is caused by emigration, a change most beneficial to the mother country.'

'And how extensive do you conceive that change to be? There is very little difference between the cost of conveying persons to Van Diemen's Land, and settling them on a pauper-farm,—too small a difference to warrant such an expression as yours.'

'In addition to this difference, there is all the increase of production which will take place abroad, and which is so much gained to the mother country, since it maintains her people. Besides this, all that would have been unproductively consumed by the pauper descendants of these emigrants may be considered as so much clear gain to the community. Again,—the thriving population of our colonies will want more and more of our manufactures, and will send us their agricultural produce in exchange; and I suppose you will not question the advantage of investing our capital in manufactures, and receiving wool and wheat of the best quality in return, instead of laying it out on lands of inferior fertility at home, while the people scantily supply themselves with the coarse manufactures of their own firesides? You

will not question the duty of availing ourselves of the advantages of division of labor in the case of our greatest need? Yet you would, by your plan of home colonization, deprive the people of this reciprocity of benefits. You would set up new manufactures instead of a new market for them; and all for the sake of producing food at a greater cost than under the emigration system. You are clearly wrong, Fellowes, depend upon it. What a pity that you should not turn your zeal and benevolence and your other resources to the best account!'

'The fact is,' replied Fellowes, 'that on a matter of so much importance as this, I am anxious to go on sure ground. I have heard so much on good authority of the miseries of emigrants in Canada and elsewhere, and I have seen so much with my own eyes of the benefits of the Home-Colonization system in the Netherlands, that I am induced to do that which I know will produce great and immediate good, instead of that whose consequences I cannot witness or calculate. I want to give our poor neighbors food; and I dare not run the risk of having them perish with cold and hunger in the woods before they can get any.'

'If you mix up the abuses of a system with its principles,—if you take the conduct of a few ignorant adventurers as an example of what is to be done by all emigrants,' continued Mr. Jackson, 'I do not wonder at our differing as we do. It is true that too many of our poor neighbors, heartsick at their condition here, have wandered forth with nothing but the clothes on their backs and a hatchet in their hands, without the guidance and assistance which are necessary to their very lives in a new climate and condition of society; but this folly, and the consequent hardships, have nothing to do with emigration. It is to preclude such evils that I would have benefactors like you demonstrate to the people what is essential to a successful emigration, and that emigration is sure to be successful, if well conducted. As for its ultimate results, time will teach them to all; but you, my dear sir, with your objects and your resources, will be inexcusable if you do not endeavor to anticipate them. It will be unpardonable in you to adopt a manifestly short-sighted policy while the philosophy of principles and the evidence of facts lie open before you.'

'Fact is enough for me, romantic as many of my friends think me,' replied Fellowes, smiling. 'The fact will be, as you will witness, if we both live, that two years hence our sixty superabundant laborers with their families will have food without burdening the parish. This is enough for me.'

'It will not always be enough. If you should live to see the multiplied descendants of these sixty persons either suffering themselves under pauperism, or displacing an equal number from the ranks of employed laborers, you may wish that they had been located where there was room for all without any arbitrary direction of capital, or factitious employment of labor. If, in your old age, you do not witness this, it will be because others have repaired your mistake by conveying elsewhere the surplus you have created.'

'If we both live ten years, friend, you shall come and see how I send forth those who once were paupers, with money in their hands, ready to establish themselves respectably in society. There will be nothing in this to make me repent.'

'No; your time for repentance will be when each of these monied men sends two paupers to your gates;—when you find poverty growing up round you, which you can relieve,—if at all,—only by a late emigration. I am sure you will make your confessions to me honestly, if that day should ever come.'

'I will, if you will give me faithful tidings of the Castles, and the others who are going with them. Let me hear of all their struggles and trials from the outset till the end.'

'You shall, as far as I know them myself. Meanwhile, let us help one another where we agree. Do you be on the watch to lessen the number of dwellings as much as you can, and I will use my pastoral influence in inducing the young folks to delay the publication of their banns till they have secured something besides a bare shelter to begin with.'

CHAPTER III.

GOING IN SEARCH OF HOME.

Mr. Jackson's interest in the subject of emigration to Van Diemen's Land first arose out of his friend-

ship with a gentleman and lady who were appointed by government to superintend the selection and preparation of the young women who were assisted in their settlement in the way already related. His recommendations were received with the confidence naturally resulting from this intimacy: and he had interest to get arrangements made for Frank's convict brothers to be settled near the rest of the family. In course of time, which seemed very long to impatient paupers, all was settled. Ellen had a summons to be in London by a certain day, with her 8*l*. in her pocket, and a small sum over for the purchase of such necessities in the way of clothing as should be provided cheap for her by those who were to receive her, see her safe on board, and furnish her with a letter to the governor, stating her family circumstances.

Frank and his parents, with a few more laborers from the parish of A—, were to sail in another ship about the same time, proposals having been sent before them to Van Diemen's Land, to bind themselves to farmers for a term of years at a certain rate of wages, out of which the parish was to be repaid for the expenses of their passage and outfit.

The outfit was much less expensive in their case than in that of settlers in Canada and the western states of America, both because the climate of Van Diemen's Land is more congenial to English constitutions, and because wearing apparel and other necessities are much more easy to be had there, even if not supplied by settlers as a portion of the wages of labor. Frank was furnished with a complete set of tools; and the family with a stout suit of clothes each. A stock of plain substantial provisions for six months was added, and this was all. There were a few grumblers about the last-mentioned article. They thought that the parish might, at parting, treat the people with better cheer than they had been accustomed to; but the parish authorities were wiser. They had heard how many lives had been lost on the passage to America from the poor Irish, who had been accustomed to nothing better than potatoes, being fed with an abundance of more stimulating diet, under circumstances which prevented their taking their usual exercise; and when, from having nothing to do, they were tempted to eat more than they wanted of good things that they could not get at home. The nearer the diet on ship-board resembles that in common use, the better for the health of the emigrant; and if he finds himself less disposed to eat than when at the hard labor he has been accustomed to, no harm will come of his temperance.

As the day of departure approached, Frank felt it a positive evil that every thing was done for himself and his family by the parish, as too much leisure was left for very unhappy thoughts. He had no idea till the time came how much there was to be left behind, which even he could not help regretting. He had indeed no beloved cottage to quit, no favorite stock to sell off, no circle of attached friends and neighbors to say farewell to; but he would fain have had such regrets as these to bear, for the sake of something to do at the last. He envied his sister at her needle, making a gown for her mother when she had finished her own linen, while he wandered over the hills that looked towards the sea, or watched for the postman who was to bring the final tidings for Ellen, or stood with his arms folded, silently hearing his father's murmurs or his mother's taunts. He was quite angry with himself for selfishly wondering what he should do with the three days that were to pass between Ellen's departure and his own, when he ought to be glad that she would be out of hearing of the uncomfortable sayings that now met her ears continually.

The hour came when the young people ought to be setting out to meet the carrier's cart which was to convey Ellen to London. When Frank thought he had waited long enough before the door, he went in to look for her, and found her with her bonnet on, her bundle by her side, and little Susan on her knee. Her eyes were running over with tears; but she smiled when he tapped her shoulder as a signal that they must go.

'It seems like a long parting, just because I am going a long way,' said she, trying to laugh.

'But if we all go to the same place, and there are meadows and cows, and the same sort of life we have been accustomed to, there is little to mind in going, except Mr. Jackson, to be sure, and grandfather, and—'

'Where is father?' asked Frank, distressed at her sobs; 'surely he is not gone out just now!'

Ellen ran to the door to look about for him, and saw her father leaning against the wall.

'Where's your money?' he asked. 'You had need take care of money when you have got it. All the rest is moonshine, to my thinking.'

'There is very bright sunshine where we are going, if they all say true,' said Ellen; 'and that you will find, father, before a year is over. You may trust Frank and Mr. Jackson, I am sure; and so—'

'I trust nobody. I have had enough of trusting people,' cried Castle. 'All this is your doing, remember, both of you; so never cast it up to me. Go, go. 'Tis getting very late. Where's your money, I ask you, child?'

'Safe, father, sewed into my stays. But, father, what can happen to us so bad as living here, as—as we have done lately?'

'Go, children go, and leave off talking about our meeting again at the other side of the world. If I go to the bottom half-way, Ellen, it will be none the worse for you, but the better, except that Frank must go too, and you would not like that so well.'

'O father—!'

'Well, one kiss more; and God bless you, whatever becomes of me?'

Ellen found her step-mother gossiping with a neighbor as if nothing was happening. Her farewell words were few.

'Good bye. If I find you an honest woman next time I see you, it's more than I expect, from what people say of the place you are going to. Come, now, Frank, don't be in a passion. Better take care of your sister than look so proud about her.'

Frank now took care of his sister so far as to remove her while she had strength to go.

'O Frank!' she cried, as he put her arm within his own, and led her rapidly on, 'what can there be about me, that makes them all talk as they do?'

'Nothing about you, dear, but about the place. It is a dangerous place for vain, silly girls; but you need only mind your business, and think of father and mother, and what we have agreed to do for them, and you will do well enough.'

'And of Mr. Jackson, and grandmother, and how she almost broke my heart last night. Look, look! do you see how yonder trees stoop and shiver in the churchyard? What a shower of leaves!'

'Tis a sudden gust. There have been many such of late.'

'Just so they went when Molly Shepherd's funeral was going under them, and grandmother bade me beware of her shame. 'Tis just like a sign to me now! And here comes Mr. Jackson too.'

Mr. Jackson just stopped her to give her a little book as a remembrance, and to beg her to write to her grandfather, of whom he should inquire for her from time to time. It was now really very late.

'Don't hurry yourself,' said Frank. 'Walk quick if you like, but don't be flurried. I'll overtake the cart for you, I'll be bound; and you had better look like yourself as you get in.'

The carrier was just cracking his whip to proceed after a halt, when the brother and sister made their appearance at the end of the lane. Ellen cast one glance back upon the familiar spire and hedgerows and cottage roofs, and summoned up one bright smile and a few more words for Frank.

'Tis not as if you were to stay behind, Frank.'

'To be sure not! Leave every thing to me, dear, and be steady and easy, that's all; and don't talk of Bob and Jerry, for your own sake.—All right carrier?—Well then, good bye!'

And high on the hedge stood Frank, gazing long after he had ceased to distinguish the bright face looking out at the back of the cart. Not till the vehicle had disappeared behind the hill did he descend to the stubble field below, and pick up straws, and cut hazel switches like a truant boy, muttering to himself 'In three days we shall be off.'

The second departure was more public and more painful. The two old folks would come out at the last moment; and their distress moved the gazers to an outcry against the cruelty of deserting them, and the unnatural behavior of leaving one's country and kindred. A giddy young couple thanked the Castles for vacating their cottage just when others were wanting one; and of the rest, some who were disappointed of going looked on in silent envy, and others were loud in their reports of the dangers of the sea, and the horrors of savage life. Frank had seated his charge in the waggon and walked on, intending to be overtaken out of hearing of these busy tongues. He looked back from the first corner, and seeing that there was great confusion, returned. Castle

was motioning away the parish officers and Mr. Jackson, and doggedly refusing to go after all. His wife was laughing, and little Susan crying.

'You must please yourself, father,' said he firmly. 'If you put yourself out of the way of being helped by your own children, God help you! I must go, and at this moment.'

'Come along!' cried the wife. 'We may as well get out of reach of these plaguy officers, with their talk of our debt to them. Let's be off, and then they may get their money as they can. We shall never drive our carriage here, as they say my boys may do at Botany Bay. Come along!'

Frank would allow of no force. His father should choose for himself. So said Mr. Jackson.

While he was choosing, a ready pauper jumped into his place, and the waggon drove off. Before it had gone two hundred yards, there was a cry to the driver to stop, the new candidate was turned out grumbling, and Castle scrambled in. Twenty times during the journey to London, he asked how he and his were to pay the seventy pounds required to send them out; and as often his wife bade him not mind whether it was paid or not; and Frank assured him that he should not be burdened with debt, if his children lived and prospered. Tears came at last to the unhappy man's relief. As he passed villages and farmsteads where healthy and cheerful faces looked up at the waggon as it went by;—as he heard the saw grinding in the saw-pit, and the hammering at the forge, he wept at being reminded of his younger and more prosperous days, and at the thought that while so many were busy and happy in their occupations, there was no room for him,—once as hearty in his toil, and now as willing to work as any of them. Frank contrived to gather what was in his thoughts, and spoke of the saw-pits and forges which are so busy in the land they were going to, and of the increased dignity and profit of such occupations in places where artificers are scarce. His own heart was ready to sink when he fancied, instead of such a busy region as that under his eye, plains and valleys with scarcely a roof visible from end to end: but every glimpse of a workhouse, every notice by the way-side about vagrants, restored his courage, and satisfied him that it was best, at all events, to be where, whatever other evils might exist, there was no pauperism.

The departure of Jerry and Bob took place in a somewhat different style. A stranger would have fancied there was high holiday in Newgate the day before they went. Parties of convicts from the country arrived, and were lodged there previous to embarkation, and the larger proportion were full of congratulations to one another on their fine prospects. This was done in bravado by some, no doubt; and a few looked downcast, and were laughed at by their companions for the shame expressed in their countenances and manners: but it was actually the belief of most that they were lucky fellows to be carried free of expense to a country where they should have little to do but get rich as fast as they liked. Two among them had been transported before, and so wonderful and tempting were the tales they had to tell, that they not only found willing listeners among criminals wherever they went, but had induced more than one of the present company to commit thefts in order to get transported and put in fortune's way. These men, Giles and Green, held forth in all the vanity of superior experience, and in all the pride of having cheated the law; and drew an attentive audience round them while waiting for the cart which was to convey the company to the convict-ship.

Bob was leaning rather despondingly against the wall, when his brother clapped him on the shoulder, and asked him why he looked so black on this the grandest day of his life.

'You should have said "thank'ee" to the judge, Bob, as I did when he finished with us; and so you would if you'd known how we were obliged to him. We'll have each a house and servants, and all hand-some about us by the time we're one-and-twenty, and meanwhile, there are fine pranks to be played. Come and hear Green, about how he and his set got as much rum in one night as they could drink in a month, and what frolics they had in the woods, before he took it into his head to come back without leave.'

Bob shook himself free of his brother, who however would not long let him alone.

'I say, Bob,' he continued, returning, 'they call you sulky; and it will be the worse for you in the colony if they report you sulky. You may as well hear what we are to do when we get there.'

Bob listlessly followed, and took his place among the eager hearers.

'Bet Turner!' cried one. 'What is that she that belonged to Greville's gang? She that got transported for shop-lifting?'

'The same. Well; she has a large white house just out of Sidney, on the right hand as you go out of Mount-street. Lord! you should see her driving out, how grand she looks over her servants, and as well behaved to her husband as if she had not left another behind her. They say she sends Turner a bank note every year out of charity. He has married again to give her satisfaction that he won't claim her; so they are both content.'

'Then there is Wilson,' cried Green. 'You remember what a poor ragged creature he was while he worked like other honest men, for nine shillings a week. He got sent abroad for the first bad shilling he tried to pass after he joined us; and all for looking like a bungler at a new trick. He worked his way up into a farm of his own in four years, and he has got his wife and children over, and is very much respected. But Jack Lawe is the finest fellow of them all. He's just past thirty, and he is as rich as a London banker at sixty.'

'What, he that was within an hour of hanging?'

'Aye. They looked pretty close to him for a long while; but he is as sharp in his wits as he is clever at whatever you set him to. He cheated them all round, and got himself free in six years, and now you should see him out hunting or betting at billiards. He is a good-hearted fellow, and does not scorn old friends. Many's the nod and word he has given me from the billiard-room window at Sidney, when I have been passing, let who would be there. Every body is glad of the prosperity of John Lawe, Esq.'

Somebody having made inquiry about the voyage, Green went on:—

'O, that's the worst part of it. It's horrid enough, to be sure, to be cooped up for months on board, and all so solemn and dull, and no getting out of the way of the clergyman. But it's not so bad as it used to be, when they treated such folks as we like so many wild beasts. They paid the captain so much a head for the people embarked, and never asked how many he landed; so he starved as many as he pleased, and stowed them so close that scores were stifled by the way. It was mighty dull work then for those that got safe; the labor was so hard, and no liberty. There was little encouragement to go to the colonies then. But now that they don't kill one by inches by the way, it is worth putting up with the passage, for the chance of making one's fortune at the end of it.'

'Particularly for them that have friends in power to get fine situations for them,' said Jerry, pertly. 'Bob and I are going to have good care taken of us, I hear. But it's a great plague that the old ones are going to be spies over us. It will spoil our sport terribly, unless we can manage to cut them.'

'That's better than having them whining and praying after us all the way from here to the ship, as the old folks mostly do,' said Green. 'When I went before, my father behaved as if he was following me to the gallows. He knows better now. He gave me the wink yesterday for a sharp chap that knew how to take care of myself. He said,—true enough,—that the worst blunder I ever made was coming back when once I was well off.'

'Aye, aye, Green; a certain person knew how to take care of herself as well as you. She knew better than to keep herself single five years for you. 'Tis a fine feather in her cap to have brought you so far on a fool's errand.'

Green tried to conceal his visible passion under an appearance of indifference, while he muttered that a better one than he came for would follow him out very soon, if the judge did not baulk them of the sentence they meant to get pronounced upon her.

'Here they come, lads!' he cried, interrupting himself. 'All is ready: our carriage at the door! Put a bold face upon it, boys! Now for it! Don't have anything to say to the whiners at the gate. Curse all spoil-sports! Give them three cheers, boys! Hurra! hurra! hurra!'

And gibing, jeering, laughing, shouting, went the batch of convicts through a throng of relatives and former companions, and gazing strangers; some of whom were pale and weeping, others singing and winking, and more gaping in wonder and pleasure at the scene; speculating upon whether the largest share of punishment did not rest with those who were left behind. Bob, and one or two other scowlers, were almost overlooked in the company of adventurers, who seemed to be going forth merrily to cheat the law, and seek their fortunes in a land of plenty.

CHAPTER IV.

NEW HOMES.

Ellen was the first of the family that arrived at Hobart Town, in Van Diemen's Land. Next came the convict-ship, which was sent round to Launceston to disembark its passengers; that port being nearer the district where the convict labor was to be employed. When the batch of parish emigrants arrived, a fortnight afterwards, Frank found, on application to the proper government officer, that his sister had landed in good health, and had received a high character from the clergyman and his lady who had come over as superintendents of the expedition; that Ellen had been forwarded, with a few of her fellow-passengers, to the district where a service had been procured for her as dairy-maid on a settler's farm; and that care had been taken that her parents and brother should be indentured to farmers in the same neighborhood. So far, all was well. Frank could learn nothing about his brothers, except that they were to be landed at Launceston, and that Launceston was within thirty miles of the spot where he was to be located. The officer he was speaking to had nothing to do with the arrangements respecting convicts: his business was to take care of emigrant laborers on their arrival.

Castle himself could not help being pleased at the appearance of things at Hobart Town, when he and Frank took a walk, the evening after their arrival. The only objections he could think of were, that there were few shops; that it was not at all likely that the country inland should be half so civilized as what he saw; and that it was a thing he had not been used to, to have Christmas fall at the hottest time of the year, and the trees green all the winter through. It was now May; and they told him that winter was coming on, and yet that the woods would look as green as now all the time; and that the snow, if there was any, would not lie more than a day on any ground but the mountain tops, and a bleak common here and there. They told him that for more than three hundred days in the year the sun would shine all day, and the air be dry and pure, and seldom too hot or too cold. All this was what he had not been used to, and did not know how to believe. His son supposed that if it came true, he would not object; as one of the consequences of such a climate is that English people have much better health, and live, on the average, a good deal longer at Van Diemen's Land than at home. Castle peevishly laughed at all talk about life and health, when it was, in his opinion, doubtful whether they might not be starved to death within three months. His son left this point to be demonstrated by time rather than by argument; and meanwhile observed that there were few signs of starvation about Hobart Town, in which, besides the government residence, there are nearly eight hundred houses, most of which are surrounded with gardens; the dwellings having been originally built on separate allotments of land, of a quarter of an acre each. The streets cross at right-angles, and command fine views of the neighboring country, and afford cheering evidences of the success of the industry which has sought employment there. A dock-yard is seen on the river's brink; and corn-mills, tanneries, breweries, a hat-manufactory, &c., are conspicuous in the midst of the town. An amphitheatre of green hills rises to the westward, the crowning summit of which is 4000 feet high; and from these hills descends a fine stream of water, flowing through the town into the Derwent, which, with its varying expanse and beautifully wooded bays and sloping shores, forms the eastern boundary. This view was little enough like what Castle had fancied in opposition to all that he had been told. He was forever picturing to himself a region of wild woods, or bleak plains covered with snow; and he was now as much surprised at the sight of meadows, hills, dales, and a thriving town, with a blue sky overhead, as if he might not have known as much before. He had complained of his hard lot in being indentured as a shepherd; and no wonder, while he thought his flocks were to inhabit a dreary wilderness; but now that he found he had nothing to fear from storms and snow-drifts, that the pastures were excellent, the springs plentiful, and the sheep as fine as the world can produce, he began to think he might be worse off in point of occupation; though he would give nobody the satisfaction of hearing him say so. His wife was to be a domestic servant in the same farm where he was shepherd; and even little Susan was carefully stipulated for; the labor of children being valuable at

almost any age, in a place where much more assistance is wanted than can be had.

The first part of their journey to the Dairy Plains, (the district where they were to settle,) was through the very choicest portion of the island, both as to beauty and fertility. It is not surprising that those who first surveyed this tract, and took it as a fair sample of the island at large, should have represented Van Diemen's Land as a terrestrial paradise, and been suspected of exaggeration through the favorableness of their report. The fact is, the island is supposed to contain about 15,000,000 acres,—one-third of which is considered arable, another third fit for sheep-pasture, and the rest unprofitable at present. The country between Hobart Town and Launceston consists of green hills and fertile plains, among which towns and villages and solitary dwellings are interspersed. Rivers wind between their wooded banks, and streams flow down from the high grounds. Excellent macadamized roads run through the whole district, and branch off to the growing settlements on either hand of the main track. It was a great amusement to Frank to compare what he met with that partook of the civilization of his own country with whatever looked new and strange. Before leaving Hobart Town, he had been all the more struck with its printing establishments, its Mechanics' Institute, its Book Society, and schools, from observing the strangeness of the natural productions that he met at every step. In the gardens he beheld tea trees where he had been accustomed to see lilacs and laburnums; and cotton plants, myrtles, and geraniums growing as tall as himself, and spreading out into bushes. The very grass grows differently;—not stringy in the roots and carpet-like in the surface, as in England; but in tufts. Parrots, instead of canaries, were the pets of young ladies; and the bandicoot was offered for sale instead of the rabbit. Cockatoos instead of crows were to be frightened away from the fields and gardens; and flocks of pigeons among the stubble looked as much like partridges as pigeons; only more beautiful,—with their gold-dropped wings,—than either species in England. On the road, in like manner, the freestone bridge over the Jordan, the postman on horseback, the tillage and inclosures, looked British; but the evergreen woods, in the midst of which arose the peppermint tree to a lofty height;—the herds of kangaroos coming out of their covert into the dewy plains at sunrise;—the spotted opossums climbing and descending the forest trees;—the black swans sailing on the lakes, and uttering cries like the creaking of an old sign-board;—all appeared foreign, and scarcely belonging to the people who had settled among them.

A sight of a yet different character met the eyes of the travellers near the close of the second day, when they were drawing near their future abode in the province called Norfolk Plains, in the centre of which lay the Dairy Plains, where Ellen was expecting them. They had for some time quitted the broad road, and were following a track along which their waggon proceeded with tolerable convenience. At last they came to a point beyond which it had not been carried, and where a gang of laborers was at work road-making;—not as in England, each man intent upon his own heap of stones, free in limb and thoughtful in countenance;—not as in Ireland, where some are lounging and all are joking;—but charged with the fetters of felons, and superintended by an armed task-master. As Frank looked upon these wretches, with their hardened or woful countenances, he felt indeed that he was not in England, but in one of her penal settlements,—breathing the air of one of the places where her vice and misery are deposited. His very soul became sick when, as the laborers turned to stare at the somewhat uncommon sight of a waggon full of travellers, he met the eyes of his convict brothers. He hoped that his companions would not perceive them; but he soon found that his father did, by his testy complaints of the jolting of the cart, of cold and heat, and what not. The unhappy mother looked on her outcast children with as much curiosity as compassion. Bob turned away, and stooped to his work, never looking up till they were out of sight; but Jerry waved his cap and shouted, and dared Frank to a wager which of them would first be free to work for themselves; whether it would take longest to work out his sentence, or to pay for Frank's passage and settlement. This supplied a new theme of complaint to Castle, who wrought himself up into a passion about his being a slave, with all his family. Frank, who hated bondage as much as any man, thought it could hardly be called slavery to contract to work for one person for a certain time, in return for advantages which

could not otherwise be obtained. If disappointed of these advantages,—of sufficient food, clothing, shelter, and money wages,—the contract was void, and no harm done; if not disappointed, the object was gained. The evil lay, not in their case as laborers; but as honest men. Felons ought not to be let off so easily, (because their labor happened to be more valuable than at home,) as to make disgrace, for which many of them did not care, their only punishment; their worldly circumstances being actually bettered by their removal to a new colony. It was not that laborers need be better off than their family would probably be, four or five years hence; but that felons ought not to be placed in as good circumstances as the honest emigrant at the end of the same period.

Frank was not yet aware (as he afterwards became) that, for want of knowing the rate of wages at the colonies, emigrants often bind themselves for a much lower rate than they might obtain if they went free, or if they were properly informed of the existing state of things; and thus think themselves deceived, and are tempted to break their contract when they find how matters stand. This evil is to be referred to the ignorance of emigrant laborers, quite as much as to the close economy of the settlers, and should induce all who have heard of it to obtain such information before concluding their bargain as will save them from repentance afterwards, and guard them against quarrels on this score with their new masters;—quarrels, which, always a great evil, are most so in newly settled countries, where all hands and hearts are wanted to work together for the common good. As it is, a British artisan jumps at the offer of a plentiful subsistence and 2s. a-day besides for five years, out of which the expenses of his removal are to be paid; and for this rate he binds himself. When he gets to his destination, he finds that this plentiful subsistence, including meat, bread, beer or spirits, tea, sugar, comfortable clothing, and a convenient dwelling, costs no more than 2s. a-day, and that, if free, he might earn, being a good workman, from 7s. to 12s. a-day, or even 15s., if he be a superior mechanic of a scarce class. It is mortifying to find that he has sold himself, however much higher than formerly, for less than he is worth in his new position; and hence arise discontents which embitter the first years of his new life, if they do not occasion a breach of contract. The friends of a rational plan of emigration should do their utmost to make known to as many as it may concern, to what extent labor is wanted in the colonies,—what is the rate of money wages in each, and what those money wages will procure. The official information on these points transmitted from Van Diemen's Land in 1827, was, that common laborers earn 3s. per day; common mechanics 7s.; better mechanics, from 8s. to 12s.; best ditto, from 12s. to 15s.; and persons of peculiar qualifications, fitted to superintend farms or other undertakings, 1l. a-day. Since that time, wages are understood to have risen. The price of wheat is 7s. a bushel; meat, 2d. or 3d. per lb.; sugar, from 3d. to 6d.; and tea, from 1s. 6d. to 4s. per lb.—No wonder that, amidst all their gratitude at being well provided for, many such workmen as Frank are vexed and mortified to find how much more they might have made of their labor.

Far other feelings, however, than those of discontent were awakened in Frank by the aspect of his new abode. It was almost in a state of nature, his employer, Mr. Stapleton, having preceded him to take possession only a few days before; but it was far from being a desolate spot in the midst of a waste, as settlers' farms are wont to be in colonies where the unwise object is to disperse the inhabitants, instead of bringing them near to enjoy the advantages of a division of labor and reciprocity of consumption. The Dutch government at the Cape of Good Hope formerly forbade settlers to approach within three miles of each other; and thus effectually prevented the full improvement of the land, the construction of roads, and the opening of a market for exchanges. Hence the Dutch settlers at the Cape are to this day deprived of many advantages of civilized life. They have too much of whatever they grow, and too little of what they would fain buy; and are debarred the comforts of society and mutual help. These evils are likely to be avoided by the method of disposing of land now adopted by our government in Australia; the land being sold on terms which make it the interest of the settler to improve his tract, and to take advantage of a neighborhood which may relieve him of some of his produce. Mr. Stapleton, having been obliged to choose his land carefully, and to pay 1s. an acre for it, (instead of 6d., or nothing at all, like some of the earlier inhabitants,) was not tempted to

wander away into the wilderness, and sit down where he might happen to like the prospect, or to be smitten with some new discovery of fish-ponds, woods, and meadows. He made his choice instead among the lands of a certain district; and selected such, as to extent and quality, as would on the whole best suit his purposes, in conjunction with the privileges of a neighborhood. His land, though not of the very first quality, was good enough to have fetched 15s. per acre, if it had lain somewhat more to the north or east, where the country was rapidly becoming better peopled; but it stretched towards the unoccupied districts at the foot of the western mountains, and was less valuable than if it had been surrounded by civilization, instead of only bordering upon it. It consisted,—not of jungle and forest ground, where room must be made by the axe before seed could be sown and sunshine visit it; but of a lightly timbered and undulating surface of grass land, wanting only a single burning to render it fit for the plough, or for a new growth of pasture. The trees were not of the nature of copse and thicket; but growing in clumps a hundred feet apart, and with clear stems, measuring ninety feet or more to the lowest branch; thus affording spots for shade and shelter without interfering with tillage. The boundaries, where not formed by natural streams, were fixed by marking the trees; and there was no immediate need of fences where neither man nor beast was likely to trespass, and where there was at present no live stock that could be in danger of straying. No one was near who could be tempted to steal; for none were poor. The wild cattle, which in former days did great mischief on the grounds of the settler, had long ago been driven among the mountains, where it was supposed the race had died out, as none now appeared. The few oxen and horses that Stapleton brought with him were kept near the dwelling; and the rest of the stock was not to follow till all was in readiness for its reception. A rude shed had been hastily constructed for shelter, under a clump of trees; and a few sawn planks were lying about; by which Frank saw that the materials of his business were ready for him to begin upon without delay. Tools and utensils were stowed away in corners, or heaped under the trees, till their proper places were provided for them; and a goodly row of casks and packages of provision stood in the back-ground. Frank had believed that his spirit of enterprise had died within him under the hardships of his own country; but he now felt it revive in a moment; and was anything but dismayed at the prospect of what he had to do in his capacity of carpenter, before the scene before him could put on the appearance of a snug and well-managed farmstead. He saw in fancy the day when a little hamlet of weather-boarded cottages would be sending up their blue smoke among those trees; when cattle-sheds and sheep-pens would stretch out behind the dwellings, and the busy forge and creaking timber-wain would drown the cry of the quail, and scare away the kangaroos that were now leaping over the plains. He did not forget to add a very superior workshop and timber-yard to his picture of his own dwelling; or to imagine his father looking down from among his flock on the hills, or Ellen within sight, going forth in the bright early morning with her milk-pail.

As if to answer to his thought, Ellen now appeared. She had stolen half an hour to run in search of Mr. Stapleton, to ask once more how soon he thought Frank might possibly arrive. Mr. Stapleton was almost as eager for the event as herself; but he knew no more, and was just dismissing her, disappointed, when the waggon was heard approaching. While she waited a moment, straining her sight to make out whether it was the right party, before she ran to meet them, her brother jumped out, and even Castle started up with more alacrity than he had shown since they landed. Before they could well greet one another, Stapleton came up to ask where Frank's tools were, and to tell him that he was wanted very much indeed. He could not refuse him permission to go forward one mile, in order to deposit Castle and his wife at their new abode; but he lent a hand towards emptying the waggon of his workman's packages, and gave him notice that he should be glad to see him back the first possible moment.

'You will soon find what great people such as we are here,' said Ellen, laughing. 'This is the place to grow proud in. No more lounging about the fields, Frank; no more leaning over gates chewing straws, while nobody inquires for one. You will never need to touch your hat and ask for work here; people will come begging you to be so very kind as to put up a door for any pay you please. This is the place to grow proud in.'

Frank observed, with a grave smile that pride was dangerous to one in Ellen's place.

'Well, then, I will be proud of you, and you shall be proud of me; and no harm can come of that.'

The first time that the brother and sister could obtain a few minutes' conversation without being overheard, Frank inquired,

'Now, Ellen, tell me straight forward. How do you like your change?'

'Why, I more than half like it; but there are some things I do not like.—It is a fine thing to be so well off, and to know that I shall be so; and I do not mind the work, though it is rather hard, to be sure; and my cows are nothing but a credit to me, and I have seen no animals to be afraid of when I go out milking, though some of them leap about very strangely indeed; and my mistress makes much of me, as I told you; and her little worries are not much to be wondered at when one thinks of the confusion we live in just now; and I dare say there will be an end of them when we get our soap and candles made out of the house, and another hand or two to help in the brewing and washing. And then to think that father and you are so well off—'

'But tell me what there is that you do not like.'

Ellen almost shuddered when she whispered that her fellow servant, who ate at the same table, and slept in the same room, and was her companion almost all day, was a convict, and had been sent to this country for robbing an aged mistress who had confided in her, and deserved gratitude instead of treachery from her. To be compelled to hold daily and hourly intercourse with such a person was a very great evil, and one which doubled Frank's anxiety about his sister. He was glad to hear that there was a probability of the woman marrying as soon as she could obtain a remission of her servitude by steady conduct.

A half smile which he perceived on Ellen's lips when this part of the story was being told, made him question her further respecting the evils of her situation, or the trials which she might not be disposed to consider exactly as evils. The idea in her mind was that which he suspected,—that she might quit her service before her convict companion.—Frank looked graver than ever. Who—what—where was he,—the person that seemed to have made advances in Ellen's good graces already? She was eager to explain that there was no one in particular yet. It was too early for her to have looked about and settled her mind yet;—but there was this one, and that one, and the other one, that carried her pail for her, morning and evening, however busy he might be; or was ready to teach her how to clean and card wool; or showed her what a pretty little homestead he was about to have in the neighborhood, and intimated how happy she might be as the mistress of it.

'They hinder my work sadly, and their own too,' continued she, blushing, 'for all I tell them that I have nothing to say to anybody yet. I am so afraid my of them should have been convicts, (though I am sure Harry Moore never was;) and I dare not ask mistress anything about them.'

'Ask her, by all means,' said Frank. 'Or I will ask your master, if you wish it. They only can tell us and it is a point we must find out. Meantime, keep to your business as quietly as you can. What makes you so sure that Moore (is not that his name?) was never a convict?'

Ellen could give no better reason than that she could wager her life upon it. She thought her brother grown very pertinacious on a sudden, because this was not perfectly satisfactory to him; but Frank was not pertinacious—only wary and affectionate.

CHAPTER V.

THE CASTLES AT HOME.

It was very well for a man of Castle's irritable temper to be made a shepherd, instead of a laborer at home, within sight and hearing of all the bustle and difficulty occasioned by much pressure of work and few hands to do it. He could not have borne to be, as his wife said, driven from pillar to post,—called off from one thing before he had done it, to do something else to which he was altogether unaccustomed. It suited him much better to be out upon the downs after the sheep; though even in that quiet place he had his troubles. The sheep-walk was too extensive to be under the management of one per-

son; and Castle's brother-shepherd was not a very congenial companion. He was a gentleman convict;—a young man who had gamed away his little fortune, and then taken to swindling, for which he had been transported. Being unequal to hard work, and having no mechanical skill, he was sent out to tend sheep; an employment as little suitable as might be to his social dispositions and active habits. The two reluctant companions agreed only in their inclination to grumble.

'They call this a fine scene,' observed the young man, 'but it does not suit my taste. I had rather see our sheep in the Smithfield pens than on these downs. Then one misses the London cries, however much the magpies chatter here. As for the cooing of the doves, it really depresses the spirits. People talk of the stars being so brilliant here,—like golden lamps; but I like real lamps better. A row of them in Pall Mall is worth a hemisphere of stars.'

'I don't know much about lamplight,' replied Castle, 'having been too poor to burn candles at home, and so going to bed in the twilight; but this place is so lonesome, I sometimes wonder whether it is in the world or out of it. All this view is like an old deserted park, to be sure; but where is the squire's house, or the church steeple, and the children coming out of school? There is no public-house far or near; and no parson or his lady to speak a word to one: only a young man that comes to read prayers on Sundays in a shed or on the green, and away again to do the same thing somewhere else. Not such a thing have I seen since I came, as a carriage with ladies in it; and they say there are no hunts. With all the game there is here, no scarlet jackets ever come in sight from the woods.'

'That is the worst of it,' responded the other grumbler. 'We have all the dullness of a country life without its solace of amusement. It was really too tantalizing lately, to see a kangaroo hunt which I could not join. If they would let me take my turn, I might be of some use to them as an experienced huntsman. I should like to hunt opossums till I could get skins enough to make your pretty daughter a cloak worthy to be worn; and—'

Castle here moved off impatiently, having too much paternal pride to listen to convict wooing on Ellen's behalf. The young man followed him, continuing,—

'The snipe-shooting is very choice, I'm told, in the marshes yonder. I must have leave when winter comes on, to go and try my luck. But the hunts are the best things,—more spirited perhaps than you are aware of.'

'Hunts! hunts!' cried Castle. 'I see neither deer nor fox. An odd sort of hunting, if you mean killing any of these leaping things, with their queer ways. Why, the little ones don't run beside their dams, as is natural, but she pops them into her bag, and off she hops, as if she had only two legs. The first I saw, I thought she had happened an accident, and had her fore legs cut short; and I thought she got on wonderfully well considering; and then in a minute appeared a whole herd of them, with their young in their bags.'

'It is a pretty sight to see them come down from the woods at sunrise to feed in the plains. Then is the time to hide behind a thicket, and make sure of one's game. Which do you prefer, as a bottom dish, kangaroo or bandicoot? In a pie, properly seasoned, it is difficult to say which is the best. I have given many a hint down below that either is much more palatable to me than rations of salt meat.'

Castle, who thought no man need desire more in the way of diet than to eat meat every day, looked with contempt on the grimaces of his companion over his ample supply of beef, wheaten bread, and cider.

'If you want to hunt,' said Castle, 'I wish you would kill off the vile beasts that have been making havoc among my lambs. I might have got at one, but I was downright scared with its ugliness.'

'Was it the hyena or the devil?'

'O, the devil, to judge by its looks. It is as big as a middle-sized dog, with the head of an otter, crowded with teeth. It moved very slow, but I could do no better than stare at it.'

'They call it the devil here,' replied the gentleman. 'You should dig little pits, and set your dogs upon it when it has fallen in. It will go on worrying your lambs, unless you keep on the watch.'

'Another thing that puts me out,' observed Castle, 'is that the beasts are one below another here, as if they were bewitched. In England, we have a horse of one size, and a dog of another, and a rat of another; and none of them is like the rest; but here we have a big kangaroo, and a kangaroo the size of

a dog, and another no bigger than a rat; and these last are not real kangaroos. I declare it makes my hair stand up to see a rat leaping like a real kangaroo; just as it would to see a mouse shaking its mane and trotting and cantering like a horse. I have not been used to such freaks, and this is a country I can't understand.

'I hope to understand it better,' replied the convict. 'I was always fond of roving, and in time I may have explored farther than we can see from these green hills that we both find so dull. What do you mean to do when you get free?'

'They may settle that that got me bound,' replied Castle, testily. Then, struck with a sense of his own ingratitude, he added, 'To be sure, if there is no squire's house, there is no workhouse either; and if I see no acquaintance, there is nobody to taunt me with misfortune; but, on the contrary, they make much of me at home. And there's—'

'Your daughter.'

'What; my little Susan! Yes, they make a handy little thing of her already, and—'

'I mean the other handy one, Ellen.'

'She will do well enough, sir, I assure you. She has a fine spirit and a steady mind of her own, and a proud brother to take care of her; and that is better than a broken-down father; though it should go hard with me but I would protect her, sir, if there was no one to do it better.'

So saying, Castle walked off, showing by his manner that he was not sociably disposed.

His wife was much more altered within a short time by her change of circumstances than he. The first thing that seemed to affect her favorably was the use that was made of her little daughter in the household arrangements. When the farmer's wife found that her new domestic was indolent and indifferent, she endeavored to make the best of a poor bargain by squeezing as much work as she could out of Susan. The child was willing enough, and proud to find herself of so much use; but her mother was jealous on her account, and began for the first time to show symptoms of tenderness for her. She not only argued in her defence, but helped her when she was more disposed to proceed with her work than to 'go and play'; words which had little charm for a child whose associations with play were those of hunger, scolding, mockery, and all the miseries of pauper life. When the farm servants rose at day-break to go forth for the day, Susan was always ready to jump up at the first word, to replenish the wallets and fill the cans, though her mother turned round in bed, and muttered that it was too soon to get up. She needed no reminding about tending the household, and feeding the poultry, and dusting as much of the coarse furniture as she could reach. After breakfast, if any one would lift her upon the dresser, or lay the utensils and the bowl of water on the floor, she would wash up without breaking anything; and she was always at hand to carry messages into field or farm-yard, or to help with dinner and supper, or to carry letters to the spot where they were to be deposited in readiness for the postman's weekly call; and when not able to do anything better, she could scare away the crows and cockatoos from the fields and garden. Her mother thought this a hard life for a little girl; but Susan was stout, rosy, and merry; and the farmer himself found a few minutes now and then to take her on his knee and teach her the alphabet, in preparation for the time when a school-master could be brought within reach. The first thing Mrs. Castle did heartily was washing up, one day when Susan had nearly scalded her fingers. She took more and more of the child's work from her, and still Susan turned to something else; so that ere long, both were pretty fully employed; and in proportion as the once reckless and lazy pauper became interested in the occupations going on around her,—in proportion as she bestirred herself to get the baking done while the house was clear of the men, and the washing over in time to have a chat in the evening,—she grew like the active and tidy housewife she would never have become in her own land.

A circumstance which hastened this change was the opportunity she now had of gratifying one taste,—almost the only taste she ever had, and which seemed to have died out under the hardships of her condition—a taste for gardening. When a girl, she had had a garden; and as long as her husband had owned an acre of ground, she took possession of a corner of it for her pinks and roses, under pretence of growing vegetables for the family. From that time to this, nobody had heard her mention fruit or flowers; but Ellen bore in mind her love for them now when the remembrance might be turned to some

purpose. She mentioned, in her step-mother's presence, that her master was trying what he could do in the management of vines, for the growth of which the climate was peculiarly favorable; and that whether he got any wine or not, his trouble would be more than repaid by his profits from his other fruits. The peaches, to be sure, were not of the best sort, though so plentiful as to lie rotting on the ground after bushels had been thrown to the pigs; but the apricots, and yet more the raspberries, which grew to such a size and in such quantity as no English person would believe without seeing them, were likely to prove a good speculation, being sent to a distance in the form of jam. Sugar being remarkably cheap in this country, there was little risk in trying a batch of sweetmeats, which were to be sent to India for sale by a vessel from Launceston. The idea was caught up as Ellen expected it would be; and as the farmer and his wife did not take to the scheme of fruit-growing as heartily as was desired, the emigrant family tried whether they could not get a garden of their own. The small part of their wages which they were yet at liberty to use was applied to the purchase of a plot of ground, and Frank found time to work in it, and Ellen procured where-with to stock it, and their step-mother haunted it early and late, before and after work,—and Castle himself relaxed his brow, and spoke in a tone that was not querulous, as he looked round upon that which, however small, was so much more than he had ever expected to possess again,—a family property.

'Look at father,' whispered Ellen to her brother. 'I have not seen him and her arm-in-arm since I was no bigger than Susan.'

'He is like a prisoner that has been quite shut up, coming for the first time into the gaol court,' said Frank. 'The feel of the air makes him push his hat up from over his eyes. Only set him quite free, and he will uncover his brows, and lift up his head like a man.'

'And so he ought,' replied Ellen, 'since it is for no fault of his own that he has been bound down to poverty.'

'Ah! poverty is a cold and dreary prison, Ellen. That puts me in mind,—have you seen, I wonder, anything that has surprised you very much lately,—any thing that you would like to tell me if you were sure of not being overheard, or of not being thought fanciful?'

'The word "prison" puts me in mind of something that I have been wanting to talk to you about almost this month past.—I don't know how to believe my own eyes about it, but I am sure I have seen Jerry in our farm-yard at night, and lurking about among the sheds before most of our folks are stirring in the morning.'

'Aye; but was he all alone, Ellen?'

'Bob was never with him, that I could see; but he seemed to me to be waiting for somebody off our premises, and I thought it must naturally be me. So twice I ran out to catch him; but once I was crossed by two of our people that I don't choose to come in the way of; and the other time he was whispering with the same two, so that I dared not go near. How could he get liberty? and what could he be about?'

'Something very deep, I am afraid,' replied her brother. 'As to the liberty,—it is no difficult matter for convicts who behave pretty regularly to get hours of liberty at the beginning and end of the day; and the lads being employed on road-making so near, accounts for our getting a glimpse of them sometimes. But what I am uneasy about is Jerry's having so much to say to the convicts at your place and mine;—for I have seen him at Stapleton's oftener than you have among your people. I am afraid of some plot—'

'O, mercy!' cried Ellen; 'what sort of a plot?'

'That is more than I can say. Sometimes they plot, I hear, for nothing worse than to escape; but some have had to do with the natives, (who are little better than wild beasts,) and have brought them down upon the farms, setting them to steal and even to murder; for which they pay the poor savage creatures by helping themselves with their wives.'

Ellen trembled while she asked whether any of the natives could be in the neighborhood.—Her brother hoped not, as the government had declared that they were driven back among the mountains, where they must soon die out, as their wild cattle had done; but as long as any convicts were disposed to bush-rang, and some did actually escape every year,—he could not, for his part, feel quite secure. He thought he should speak to Stapleton about it. Meanwhile, he desired Ellen to drop not a syllable that should alarm her father, or any body else.

'I hope, sister,' he continued with some hesitation, 'I hope Harry Moore has no acquaintance, more or less, with Jerry, or any other such people.'

Ellen's eyes flashed as they used to do when she was a passionate little girl at school. 'Harry!' she cried. 'Harry Moore have any sneaking doings! Harry Moore keep bad company! You don't know Harry a bit better than the very first day,—the day when you thought he might be a convict himself?'

'No need to be angry, Ellen. He might just know him enough, you see, to say "How d'ye do?" when they meet, and to judge how often Jerry might fairly be here.'

'After all,' said Ellen, sighing, 'it is my father's own son that I flew off about his being acquainted with; so there is no need for me to be so proud. No; Harry does not know either of the lads, even by sight; but I shall tell him what you have been saying, though nobody else, Frank.'

'Certainly. Conceal nothing that weighs upon your mind from Harry, any more than if he was your husband already. I look to him to help me to keep an eye upon Bob, who may be made something of, they say, little hope as there is for Jerry. Bob works within bounds at spare hours, instead of roving into the bush, or prowling about the settlers' farms, where he has no business. Bob must be saving money fast, unless he has unseen ways of spending it. He works hard, and is well paid for his extra labor. He may have the advantage of me after all; and settle on a place of his own before me.'

'Because he got a free passage as a punishment. That is really very hard, Frank.'

'Harry Moore will be the first at liberty, however, Ellen; and that I am glad of on your account. I am soon to begin building you a house, at ever hours; and you may depend on my doing my best to have it all complete by the time the six months are gone.'

'Six months!' cried Ellen.

'Why, I do not mean that you need wait till then. You may fairly marry as soon as you like;—and many in our own country would be glad to have that said to them. I only mentioned six months as the time when Harry would be all his own master. Then I shall hope to see you milking a cow of your own.—Meantime, till I have found out more about Jerry, be cautious how you get out of reach of those that will take care of you.'

Ellen sighed, and smiled, and wondered which was the strangest world,—the one she had left behind, or the new one, which seemed, after several months, nearly as foreign as when she had entered it. She had no doubt which was the pleasantest. How could she, when a vague fear and thorough dislike of some of the people in the neighborhood were the only set-off against the prosperity of all whom she loved, and her own bright prospects with such a husband as Harry Moore promised to be?

CHAPTER VI.

LAW AND JUSTICE.

Though convicts were unhappily supplied at an increasing rate from the mother-country, the demand for free laborers throughout Van Diemen's Land became more urgent continually. The young men, who settled either as wool-growers, farmers, or laborers, wanted wives. All above the lowest rank needed servants. The sheep were too many for the shepherds. There was too little produce in proportion to the land; and too few dwellings in proportion to the produce; too much or too little of almost every thing, for want of a due proportion of labor. The same thing is the case at home; only here the proportions are exactly reversed. It will be very strange if in a short time we do not rectify the condition of each country by the exchange which would be equally beneficial to both.

Ireland and Van Diemen's Land are islands of about the same size. They are each favored by nature in an unusual degree, having all the requisites of fertility, variety and beauty which can fit them to be the abodes of a thriving and happy population. The arable lands and pastures of both are excellent. The one has fisheries of salmon, herring and cod; the other of whales, and seals for export, and of a large variety of fish for home consumption. Both have fine natural harbors, ridges of protecting mountains, stores of mineral treasure, inland lakes, and fresh springs, wherever man may incline to fix his abode.

Both have, with all these advantages, their natural hardships and social troubles.

The natural hardships of each might be almost entirely removed by a well-conducted reciprocity of assistance. Ireland has a population of eight million; Van Diemen's Land of only twenty-five thousand. In Ireland, multitudes of half-starved wretches pine in idleness, and many die by the way-side, of that wasting of limb and heart and life which is the form in which poverty perpetrates murder. In Van Diemen's Land, the laborer is liable to be worn out by toil, and fretted by seeing half his produce rotting on the ground, or wastefully bestowed on swine; while articles which he has always considered almost as necessary as food cannot by any means be procured. With him, abundance is not wealth, and plenty brings not the happiness for which he looked. If the wide sea did not lie between, he would beckon to a dozen Irishmen to come and nourish themselves with his superfluity, while he gathers about him the comforts which spring out of their industry, and solaces himself with a due portion of that repose, without a certain share of which the best ends of life cannot be attained. Why should not a bridge be built across this wide sea with the capital which is now unproductively expended on the maintenance of these paupers? Why should not the charity which cannot in Ireland give subsistence to one without taking it from another, be employed in a way which gives support to many, to the benefit of many more? Whatever funds are judiciously employed on emigration are used as if to bring to a junction with the over-peopled country a rich region, into which a hungry multitude may be poured, to the relief of the old, and the great advantage of the new land. If the wealthy among the inhabitants of the old country would gladly, if they could, call up such a new region, drest in fertility, from the surrounding sea, why do they delay effecting what is to their purpose the same thing? Since they cannot move the land to their poor, why do they not agree to devote what they now give in baneful charity to removing their poor to the new land? Till such a general agreement is arrived at, why do not individuals thus apply their charity, knowing that thus they not only relieve for a time, but establish for life—that they not only assist the immediate objects of their bounty, but provide for their descendants of many generations? The rich should choose for their almoners the agents of emigration. Those who have little to give should unite their resources to send abroad a few of the young laborers of both sexes who are eager to go. Those who have no money to give, should bestow their services in spreading the knowledge of the facts how poor-laws aggravate, and emigration alleviates, if it does not remove, pauperism.

If this had been done long ago, the places whither we now transport our criminals might at present have been as remarkable for the good moral condition of their inhabitants as they actually are for the reverse. If it were now to be done effectually, it is yet possible that Botany Bay may in time outgrow the odium attached to its name, and become the chosen resort of the upright and industrious. Indigence causes crime; and by the prevention of indigence and its consequent crime, we may become better able than we now fancy ourselves to dispense with the institution of penal settlements;—whose results are as disgraceful to British wisdom as that of a legal pauper provision.

When Jerry and Bob were landed at Launceston, they were as unable as those who sent them were disinclined to reflect on the difference between their being sent there, innocent, to provide an honest livelihood for themselves, and being deposited as a curse upon this new region,—both guilty and one hardened, proscribed by the old country and dreaded by the new, and prepared to baffle all the professed objects of their punishment. The guilt of these lads was distinctly referrible to indigence. Their parents could give them little wherewith to provide for their bodies, and nothing of that care and instruction which were peculiarly needful to them in their circumstances of temptation. Being thus made outcasts, they acted as outcasts; from which time it became a struggle between themselves and society which could inflict the most misery upon the other. They put society in fear, violated its rights, mocked its institutions, and helped to corrupt its yet innocent members. Society inflicted on them disgrace, bondage, and banishment; and from all this misery no good resulted, however much was proposed.

The judge who pronounced sentence on Jerry and Bob told them that it was necessary to the security of society that they should be prevented from inflicting any further injury by their evil deeds.—There

are two ways by which such prevention may be accomplished; one by the death, the other by the reformation of the offender. Death was too severe a punishment for the offence of these lads: the judge must therefore have contemplated their reformation, or have thought only of England when he spoke of society. Did the law gain its object?

'I say, Bob,' said Jerry one evening, when they had got the leave it is so easy to obtain to go out of bounds, and work for themselves over-hours,—'I say, do you remember what that fellow in Newgate read us about that cursed gaol where the people are mewed up as close as if they were in a school, and closer?'

'What that where they are shut in by themselves all night, and hard worked all day, and nobody may speak but the parson, and he praying and preaching night and morning, till a fellow's spirit is downright broken? Remember it! aye; and glad enough I have been many a time that we are not there. I'd rather be hanged twice over.'

'Hanged! Yes: there's not much in hanging. I have seen it several times, and thought to myself, 'if that's all, I should not mind it.' But we are the best off, after all. I was horribly afraid, when old wiggy began to whimper, that it was to be the hulks, or a long prison, instead of going abroad; for one never knows what they mean when they say "transportation." You would not have looked so downcast as you did if you had known what was before you.'

'Not I. I never thought to be made of so much consequence. 'Tis good fun to see them quarrel which shall have us, and to get them to bid rum and brandy against each other to seduce us away. We that could not get dry bread at home,—how easy it is for us to fill our stomachs with the choice of the land, and get drunk with our masters at the end of the day,—our masters being luckily of our own sort!'

'Yours, that is, Bob; not mine. But I don't know but I like mine as well. He gives me plenty of spare hours, on condition of my bringing back what I earn. You should have seen what a fright he looked in when somebody said the folks were growing moral at home, and no more convicts were to be sent out.'

'He was as sorry as some honest folks would be glad, Jerry. But as for dividing your earnings with your master,—they are a queer sort of earnings, I have a notion.'

'Easily got enough. 'Tis only just prowling on the downs in a dark night to meet a stray sheep; or making a venture into the fold. Then, if one gets so far as into the bush, there are other ways that you know nothing of yet, Bob.'

'I never can make out how you get seal oil from the woods; being as we are thirty miles from the sea.'

'Jerry laughed, and offered to introduce his brother one day to somebody in the bush he little dreamed of.'

'Do you mean Frank, poor fellow, or Ellen? They would not go so far to meet you.'

'Do you think I would ask them? It will be time enough for me to notice Frank when I have a house of my own to ask him into. I shall be the master of such as he before his time is out.'

'You need not carry yourself so high, Jerry. You are in a worse bondage than he, just now.'

'Curse them that put me into it, and let them see if I bear it long! However, hold your tongue about it now. There is the moon through the trees, and the free turf under our feet. What a pity there is nobody with a heavy purse likely to pass while we are resting in the shadow under this clump! 'Tis such dull work when there is nothing better to be had than sheep and poultry, and so many of them that they are scarcely worth the taking!'

'I like roving for the sake of roving,' said Bob. 'I have plenty of mutton without stealing it.'

'I like robbing for the sake of robbing,' replied his brother; 'and the mutton is only the price of my frolic. But there is something I like better. Let us be off, and I will show you, (if you'll swear not to blab,) how you may get such sport as you little think for. Learn to handle a gun, and to cross a farm-yard like a cat, and to tap at a back-door like a mouse within a wainscot, and you may laugh at the judge and the law, and all the dogs they have set to worry us.'

'Why no, thank'ee,' replied Bob. 'I am trying after a character, you know, so I shall stay where I am. I'll light my pipe; and I've got rum enough to last till morning both for myself and somebody I rather expect to meet me.'

'Take care she be not too deep for you, Bob. If

ever you want a wife with no more sense than a monkey, and not half as many tricks, ask me, and I will show you how to get one.'

So much for the reformation of the offender. The other kind of security on which the judge expatiated was that afforded by the criminal being made a warning.

A waggon-load of new convict laborers arrived at the Dairy Plains one day, when the accustomed gang was at work on the road which was not yet completed. The masters who happened to be present were too much taken up with observing the new comers to pay any attention to the looks of their laborers. They did not see the winks and the side-long smiles; they did not hear the snapping of fingers behind their backs; they had no suspicion that some in the waggon were old acquaintances of those on the road. On the first opportunity after the fresh men were left with the others, and only one or two overlookers near, there was a prodigious hand-shaking and congratulation, and questioning. 'How did you get over?' 'How did you manage to get sent here?' 'How do you like transportation?' 'You'll soon learn to know your own luck.' 'This is a fine country, is it not?' &c. &c.

'It was so cursedly dull after you all went away,' observed one of the new-comers, 'there was nothing to stay for: but I very near got sent to Sidney.'

'Well; you could soon have got away, either home or here. But how do you find yourself off?'

'With a bed to myself and a blanket, and rare good living to what I had when I was an honest man. The thing I don't like is the work; but they say we are to have plenty of spirits.'

'To be sure; and as to the work,—what do the poor wretches at home do but work as hard as you, and for less than you can get in spare hours. But where's Sam? Why did not he come too?'

'He got baulked, as he deserved for being a fool. What did he do but send his sister to the justice to know how much he must steal to be transported, and no more? The justice set the parson at him; and between the two, they have cowed him, poor fellow, and he will never better his condition.'

'Perhaps he is afraid. Perhaps he believes what the judge said about our being a warning. And yet he tipped me the wink when that was said, and when some of the pretty ones in the gallery began to cry.'

'He knows better than you think. If you were as moped as a linnet in a cage, he would know nothing of it; because you are too far off for him to see what became of you, in that case; but, being as you are, a merry, frolicking set, he would like to be among you; and that sort of news travels fast.'

Another of the party did not like his lot so well. He said nothing of the disgrace, though he felt it; but he complained of the toil, of the tyranny of the masters, of the spite and bickerings of his companions.

'If you don't like your company, change it,' replied one to whom he had opened his mind. 'Such a good hand as you are at a burglary, I don't wonder that you had rather steal enough in one night to live upon for a month, than work as commoner hands do. You had better go back. Jerry will tell you how. Nothing is easier.'

'Well; but there is my little woman yonder, that they were so kind as to send over at the same time; how is she to get back? She can't turn sailor, and get her passage home in that way.'

'Trust her for making terms with some gull of a sailor,' replied the other, laughing. 'It is only following an old trade for a particular reason; and you'll give her leave till you touch land again. But let me hear before you go; there are some acquaintance of mine in London that will be glad to know you; and you may chance to help one another; though, to be sure, you take a higher line.'

'Are you thinking of sending over the fee they raised for your defence?'

'I did intend it, as a point of honor; but they assure me they made a good bargain of it as it was. They could have paid the fee three times over out of the plate-chest they stole for it. So I don't know what I need trouble myself.'

'So while Counsellor H— was preaching about your being tried that people might be safe, there was another robbery going on to pay him his fees. That's rare! You should go back, (since the way is so easy,) and pick Counsellor H—'s pocket. That will mend the joke.'

So much for the security to society from the exhibition of this kind of warning.

CHAPTER VII.

CHRISTMAS AMUSEMENTS.

Ellen's wedding day drew near. Frank and Harry Moore had toiled together at spare hours to erect and fit up a convenient dwelling; and there was no fear whatever but that she and her husband would be amply supplied with all the necessities and many of the comforts of life. Her father began to smile upon her, though he muttered complaints of there being so many changes always going on that none of them ever knew when they were settled. Her step-mother, though still hinting that the girl knew what she was about when she was in such a hurry to come away from a poor parish, seemed very well satisfied to have matters so arranged, and rather proud than otherwise of belonging to Ellen. The farmer and his wife, whom Ellen served, sighed when they found she was going to leave them, and observed that it was always the way, as soon as they got suited with a dairy maid; but as she agreed to go on taking care of their cows till they could obtain another damsel in her place from Hobart Town, they treated her very graciously. The only serious drawback to her comfort was that Harry's fellow-laborers would go on courting her, though they knew she was engaged, and that this caused Harry to be more jealous than she felt there was any occasion for, or than she could easily excuse. She had no other fault to find with Harry; but she was more than once on the point of breaking off the match on this account, and if it had not been for Frank's interposition, and his assurances that such feelings were very natural in Harry, she would have thrown away her own happiness for want of being sufficiently aware of the danger of such a position as hers to a girl of less principle than herself.—A circumstance happened, a few days before her marriage, which everybody else thought very disastrous; but which she could not think so, since it established a perfect understanding between Harry and herself.

On the morning of the 21st of December,—the height of summer in Van Diemen's Land,—Frank appeared, breathless, in the farm-yard whither Ellen was just going to milk her cows; Castle at the same moment was seen at some distance, hastening from the downs where he ought to have been tending his sheep at this hour; Harry Moore next leaped the grate and wiped his brows, seeming too much agitated to speak; the farmer pulled his hat over his eyes, in anticipation of the news that was coming, and the women crowded together in terror.—Ellen was the first to ask what was the matter.

'Have your men decamped, farmer?' inquired Frank.

'Yes, almost to a man. Have Stapleton's?'

'Two out of four; and every settler in the neighborhood misses more or less this morning.'

'Now the devil and his imps will be on us in the shape of a gang of bush rangers,' muttered the farmer.

'Not on us, farmer. They will more likely go to some distant part, where their faces are strange.'

'If they do, they will send strange faces here, which comes to the same thing; for one bush-ranger's face is as devilish as another. One of us must be off in search of a guard, and our shepherds, and indeed all of us, must carry arms.'

Ellen turned pale at the mention of arms. Harry drew to her side, and told her in a tone of forced calmness that three of her lovers were gone.

'Gone!' cried Ellen joyfully. 'Gone for good?'

'Gone forever as lovers of yours.'

'Thank God!' said she. 'Better watch night and day with arms in our hands than have your head full of fancies, Harry. You will never believe again that I can like such people: and you shall teach me to fire a gun, so as to defend the house while you are away; and I shall not be afraid of anything when you are at home.'

Harry was so alert and happy from this moment that one would have thought there had been a certainty that no bush-rangers would ever come again, instead of a threatening that those who had till now been servants would soon re-appear as enemies.

Whatever arms could be found were put into the hands of the shepherds, as they were most in danger from violence for the sake of their flocks. They were desired to keep in sight of one another so far as that each should be able to make a certain signal agreed on, in case of his having reason to suppose that there were enemies at hand. Frank

departed immediately for Launceston, for powder and ball, and a further supply of laborers to fill the places of those who had eloped. Another messenger was sent to the seat of government, to give information of what had happened. During the absence of her brother, Ellen heard enough of the evils inflicted by runaway convicts to alarm a stouter heart than any young girl devotedly attached to her lover ever had; and to add to her uneasiness, her father once more became gloomy, and poor little Susan clung to her side wherever she went. Harry left his work twenty times a day to tell her that all was quiet, and bid her not be alarmed. During the day, she followed his advice pretty well; but in the evenings, so many tales of horror went round that, though she did not believe the half of them, her confidence was shaken; and she went to bed shuddering to think of what might have happened before morning.

The bush-rangers seemed to be less dreaded by the settlers than the natives. The bush-rangers came down in a troop, carried off what they wanted, occasionally shooting a man or two during the process, and then went completely away. The warfare of the natives was much more horrible,—their movements being stealthy, their revenge insatiable, their cruelty revolting. They would hover about for days or weeks without committing an outrage, planning the most wicked way of proceeding, and seizing the most defenceless moment for pouncing on their victims. Castle asked aloud, what Ellen inquired in her heart, why all this was not told them before they came, and what there was in wealth which could compensate for such alarms as they were now suffering under? Frank satisfied her, in some degree, when he returned on the 24th,—the day before her wedding. He told her that though the first settlers had suffered dreadfully from the murders and plunder of the hostile natives and runaway convicts, this was not a sufficient reason to deter other settlers from following, since, owing to the vigorous measures of the Australian government, such outrages had been repressed and nearly put an end to. He pointed out to her that the horrible tales she had been told related to former times, and assured her that, except in some districts near the wilder parts of the island, the face of a savage had not been seen for years.—Ellen pointed to the mountain wastes on which their settlement bordered, and Frank acknowledged that the Dairy Plains lay as open to an attack as most newly-settled districts; but he had been assured at Launceston that there was no need to terrify themselves with apprehensions as long as they were armed and properly careful in their movements; since the sound of a musket would disperse a whole troop of savages, and they attacked no place that was not left absolutely defenceless. He had distinctly ascertained what he had before conjectured,—that it was not the practice of runaway convicts to plunder settlements where their faces were known, and that the only danger therefore arose from the probability that they might injure the savages, who might come down to wreak their revenge upon the innocent settlers.

'If this is all,' sighed Ellen, 'there is nothing—'

'To prevent your being married to-morrow, Ellen. So I have been telling Harry.'

'There was no occasion, thank you. I never meant to put it off. The more danger, the more reason for our being together. Besides, it will help to take father's mind off from his discontent. He has been wishing himself back in Kent every hour since you went.'

'Indeed! Well now, I think that such an occasional fright as this is little to the hardship of living as we did at A—, to say nothing of the certainty of there soon being an end to it. The only two evils our settlers suffer from will grow less every year; the scarcity of labor, and danger of theft. To make up for these, we have the finest climate in the world, abundance of all that we at present want, and the prospect of seeing our children, and their children again, well provided for.—But you must be in a hurry now, dear, considering what has to be done to-morrow. So go, and cheer up, and trouble your head no more about black or white thieves.'

Ellen had, however, little more than usual to do this day, as hers was not the kind of wedding to require preparation. The travelling chaplain who was to come and perform the Christmas service, was to marry the young people, and thus only was the day to be marked as different from any other. The settlers, no doubt, thought much of their friends in England, and of the festivities, which are there enjoyed by all but those whose poverty deprives them of the means: but the seasons are so entirely reversed

in Van Diemen's Land,—it is so impossible amidst the brilliant verdure, the heat and long days of the Christmas season there, to adopt the festivities carried on at home beside the hearth and over the punch-bowl, that Christmas-day was allowed to pass quietly, and the grand holidays of the year were wisely made on the anniversaries of their settlement in their present abodes,—of their entrance on a life of prosperity.

No fairer morning ever dawned than that on which Ellen arose very early, and stole out to find that refreshment in the open air which she was not disposed to seek in more sleep. She had rested well for a few hours, but the first rays of the sun finding their way into her chamber, (which was more like a clean loft than an English bedroom,) roused her to thoughts that prevented her sleeping again. It was too soon to be looking after her cows; so she took her knitting, and sat on the bench outside the house, whence she could look over a vast tract of country, and where she was pretty sure of an hour's quiet. She had some thoughts to spare for her old Kentish neighbors; and began to fancy how her grandmother would be getting up three hours after, when it would be scarcely dawning, to make the room tidy, and light the fire to boil the kettle; and how the old couple would put on their best, and draw over the hearth with their Christmas breakfast. Then she thought of the many boys and girls she knew who would be going to church, with red noses, and shivering in their scanty clothing. Then she sighed when she remembered that she might never more hear psalms sung in a church; and again she smiled while fancying Mr. Fellowes's great dinner to half the parish,—a dinner of roast beef and ale and plum puddings, and Mr. Jackson there to say grace, and the clerk to sing a Christmas carol, and every old man giving a toast by turns, and some one perhaps to propose the healths of their friends far away. She blushed, all alone as she was; when she wondered what they would say if they knew she was to be married so soon, especially if they could see Harry. It was strange, while her mind was thus full of pictures of a frosty day, of a smoking table, of a roaring fire, lamps, and a steaming punch-bowl, to look up and observe what was before her eyes. The scene was not even like a midsummer morning in Kent. It was not dotted with villages: there were no hop-grounds, and all the apples grown within five miles would hardly have made an orchard. There were no spires among the trees; nor did the morning mists rise from the dells or hover over the meadows. All was clear and dry and verdant under the deep blue sky. No haze hung over the running streams that found their way among the grassy hillocks. Neither oak nor beech grew on the hillside, nor pines on the ridges of the mountains behind; but trees to whose strange foliage her eye was yet unaccustomed reared their lofty stems where it did not appear that the hand of man was likely to have planted them; and myrtles and geraniums grew up roof-high, like the finest monthly roses in England. Instead of the little white butterflies flitting over the daisied turf, there were splendid ones alighting here and there in the neighboring garden, larger and gayer than the finest of the flowers they fed upon. Instead of the lark rising from her dewy nest into the pink morning cloud, there were green and crimson parrots glancing among the lofty evergreens. Instead of flickering swarms of midges, flies shone like emeralds in the sun. Instead of a field-mouse venturing out of its hole, or frogs leaping across the path, speckled and gilded snakes (of which Ellen had learned not to be afraid) wriggled out into the sunshine, and finding that the world was not all asleep, made haste to hide themselves again.

'If I could fancy any part of this to be England,' thought Ellen, 'it would be yonder spot behind the range of woodland, where the smoke is rising. If that were but grandfather's cottage, how I would run and bring them here before anybody else was up. They will be so sorry not to have seen me married, and not to know Harry! But I cannot make out that smoke. I did not know that any body lived there, and it looks more than enough to come from a single chimney. Perhaps the man that found the brick clay, and talked of having a kiln, may have settled there. I will ask Harry. I wonder what o'clock it is now! He said he should finish his morning's work first, that he might stay when he did come. How odd it seems that there are so few people to do things here, that a man can scarcely be spared from his work on his wedding day! They must be all over-sleeping themselves, I think. I'll just get the milk-pails, and that may wake them; and if the cows are milked a little earlier than usual,

it will not signify. I only get fidgetty, sitting here, and fancying noises; from missing the singing-birds I dare say, that are busy among the boughs on such a morning as this in England. It was an odd squeak and whistle that I heard just now; perhaps a quail or a parouquet, or some other bird that I don't know the note of yet. Or it might be one of those noisy black swans on the lake yonder. I will not stay any longer to be startled. That was only a butterfly that flew dazling before my eyes; and these flies do not sting, so I need not mind their buzzing. There! I had rather hear that lowing that I have been used to from a child than any music in the world. I should be sorry indeed to give up these cows, for all I am going to have one of my own.'

Ellen purposely made some noise in getting her pails, that she might wake somebody and find out how time went. She could not account for the sun being so low in the sky till she heard the farmer growl that he wished people would be quiet till it was time to get up; which it would not be for two hours yet.

After pausing before the door to watch the distant smoke, which had much increased, Ellen repaired to the cow-yard, immediately behind the dwelling. She stumbled on something in the litter, which she mistook for a little black pig, till its cry made her think it was something much less agreeable to meet with. Stooping down, she saw that it was certainly a black baby; ugly and lean and dirty; but certainly a baby. She did not scream; she had the presence of mind not to touch the little thing, remembering that, for aught she knew, the parents might be lurking among the sheds, and ready to spring upon her if she should attempt to carry away the infant, which had probably been dropped in the hurry of getting out of her way. Trembling and dreading to look behind her, she stepped back into the house, and now roused the farmer in good earnest. In a few minutes, the whole household was in the cow-yard; the men not choosing to separate, and the women being afraid to leave their protectors. The child was still there, and nothing was discovered in the general search of the premises which now took place. When the farmer saw the smoke at a distance, he ascribed it at once to a party of natives having set the grass on fire in cooking their kangaroo repast. He thought it probable that two or three spies might be at hand, and the rest of the party ready for a summons to fall on the farm as soon as it should, by any accident, be left undefended. He would not leave the child brought into the house, but fed it himself with milk, and laid it on some straw near where it was found, in a conspicuous situation. Beside it he placed some brandy, and a portion of food for the parents, if they should choose to come for it.

'There is no knowing,' said he, 'but they may be looking on; and one may as well give them the chance of feeling kindly, and making peace with us.' And he silenced one of his men who began to expatiate on the impossibility of obtaining any but a false peace with these treacherous savages.

Nothing could satisfy Harry but standing over his betrothed with a musket while she was milking. As for her, every rustle among the leaves, every movement of the cow before her, made her inwardly start; though she managed admirably to keep her terrors to herself.

The arrival of the chaplain happened fortunately for collecting the neighboring settlers; and, by the farmer's desire, nothing was said of what had happened till the services he came to perform were ended. Harry and Ellen were married, amidst some grave looks from the family of which they had till now made a part, and the smiles of all the guests. Ellen's disappointed lovers,—the only people who could possibly disapprove of the ceremony,—were absent; and she tried not to think about what they might be doing or planning.

The barking of the dogs next drew the party to the door, and they saw what was a strange sight to many of the new-comers. A flock of emus, or native ostriches, was speeding over the plain, almost within shot.

'What are they?' inquired one.

'Tis many a month since we have seen an emu, observed another. I thought we had frightened away all that were left in these parts.'

'What are you all about,' cried a third, 'Out with the dogs and after them! Make chase before it is too late!'

'A decoy! a decoy!' exclaimed the farmer. 'Now I am certain that mine is a marked place. These savages have driven down the emus before them, to tempt us men out to hunt, and they are crouching near to fall on while we are away.'

He was as bold, however, as he was discerning. He left three or four men to guard the women and stock at home, and set off, as if on a sudden impulse, to hunt emus with the rest of his company, determining to describe a circuit of some miles, (including the spot whence the smoke arose) and to leave no lurking place unsearched. Frank went with him. Castle insisted on following his usual occupation on the downs, declaring himself safe enough, with companions within call, and on an open place where no one could come within half a mile without being seen. This was protection enough against an enemy who carried no other weapons than hatchets and pointed sticks, hardly worthy of the name of spears. Harry remained, of course, with his bride.

The day wore away tediously, while the home-guard now patrolled the premises, now indolently began to work at any little thing that might happen to want doing in the farm-yard, and then came to sit on the bench before the door, complaining of the heat. The women, meanwhile, peeped from the door, or came out to chat, or listened for the cry of the dogs, that they might learn in which direction the hunting party was turning.

'Ellen,' said her husband, 'I do wonder you can look so busy on our wedding day.'

'O, I am not really busy! It is only to drive away thought when you are out of sight.'

'Well then, come with me across the road,—just to our own cottage, and see how pretty it was made for us to have dined in to-day, if all this had not happened. Frank was there after you left it last night; and there is more in it than you expect to see.—Now, don't look so afraid. It is no further than yonder saw-pit; and I tell you there is not a hole that a snake can creep into that we have not searched within this hour.—I do not believe there is a savage within twenty miles.—O, the baby!—Aye, I suppose it dropped from the clouds, or one of the dogs may have picked it up in the bush. 'Tis not for myself that I care for all this disturbance: 'tis because they have spoiled your wedding day so that you will never bear to look back to it.'

Ellen wished they were but rid of their black foes for this time, and then she should care little what her wedding day had been. They said that one sight of a savage in a life-time was as much as most settlers had.—She must step in passing to see what ailed the poor infant, which was squalling in much the same style as if it had had a white skin:—a squall against which Ellen could not shut her heart any more than her ears.

'I must take it and quiet it,' said she, 'I can put it down again as we come back in ten minutes.'

So lulling and rocking the little woolly-headed savage in her arms, she proceeded to her own cottage, to admire whatever had been suggested by her husband, and added by her neat-handed brother.

'What bird makes that odd noise?' inquired Ellen presently. 'A magpie, or a parrot, or what? I heard it early this morning, and never before. A squeak and then a sort of whistle. "Hark!"'

'Tis no bird,' said Harry, in a hoarse whisper. 'Shut and bar the door after me!'

And he darted out of the cottage. Instead of shutting the door, Ellen flew to the window to watch what became of Harry. He was shouting and in full pursuit of something which leaped like a kangaroo through the high grass. He fired, and, as she judged by his cry of triumph, reached his mark. A rustle outside the door at this moment caught her excited ear; and on turning, she saw, distinct in the sunshine on the door-sill, the shadow of a human figure, as of some one lying in wait outside. Faint with the pang of terror, she sunk down on a chair in the middle of the room, with the baby still in her arms, and gazed at the open doorway with eyes that might seem starting from their sockets. Immediately the black form she dreaded to see began to appear. A crouching, grovelling savage, lean and coarse as an ape, showing his teeth among his painted beard, and fixing his snake-like eyes upon hers, came creeping on his knees and one hand, the other holding a glittering hatchet. Ellen made neither movement nor sound. If it had been a wild beast, she might have snatched up a loaded musket which was behind her, and have attempted to defend herself; but this was a man,—among all his deformities, still a man; and she was kept motionless by a more enervating horror than she would once have believed any human being could inspire her with. It was well she left the weapon alone. It was better handled by another. Harry, returning with the musket he had just discharged, caught a full view of the creature grovelling at his door, and had the misery of feeling himself utterly unable to defend his

wife. In a moment, he bethought himself of the back window, and of the loaded musket standing beside it. It proved to be within reach; but his wife was sitting almost in a straight line between him and the savage. No matter! he must fire, for her last moment was come if he did not. In a fit of desperation he took aim at the creature was preparing for a spring. The ball whistled past Ellen's ear, and lodged in the head of the foe.

They were indeed safe, though it was long before they could believe themselves so, or Ellen could take courage to cross to the farm to tell what had happened. As there were no more traces of lurkers in the neighborhood, it was supposed that the one shot in the grass was the mother, the one in the door-way the father of the infant which no one now knew what to do with. It might be dangerous to keep it, whether it flourished or died under the care of the settlers; and there seemed to be no place where it could be deposited with the hope of its being found by its own tribe. When Frank and his companions returned from the hunt, they threw light on this and other curious matters, and brought comfortable tidings to the inmates of the farm. The Castles, indeed, and they alone, found as much matter of concern as of comfort in what Frank had to tell.

In following the emu hunt, the farmer and his party had skirted a tract of woodland, called the bush, within which they perceived traces of persons having lately passed. On searching further, they came upon a scene rather different from what they had expected, and not the most agreeable in the world, though it fully accounted for the visit of the natives.—Under a large mimosa, which waved its long branches of yellow flowers over the turf, and made a flickering shade, lay Jerry, enjoying the perfection of convict luxury; that is, smoking his pipe, drinking rum, and doing what he pleased with a black wife, who, having skinned the kangaroo and lighted the fire, squatted down on the turf waiting for further orders. If it had not been for the child she carried in a hood of hide on her shoulders, she would have been taken for a tame monkey, so little was there human in her appearance and gestures; but the tiny face that peeped over her shoulder had that in it which bespoke humanity, however soon the dawning rationality might be destined to be extinguished.—On seeing the hunting-party, Jerry sprang to his feet, seized his arms, and whistled shrill and long; whereupon so many hootings and whistlings were heard through the wood, so many ferocious faces appeared from among the brakes on every hand, that it became prudent to explain that no war was intended by the hunting party. Frank and Jerry were the spokesmen; and the result of their conference was the communication of news of much importance to both parties. Jerry learned that the settlements below were so well guarded and reinforced that any attempt at plunder must fail; and he assured Frank that he was about to depart at once with his band to one of the islands in Bass's Strait, to live among, or reign over the natives, as many a convict had done before him. He owned that his black wife was stolen, and that her husband having been knocked on the head in the scuffle, the rest of the savage party had gone down to wreak their revenge on the first whites they could meet with. He was really sorry, he declared, to hear how Ellen's wedding day had been disturbed; and solemnly promised to draw off the foe to a distant quarter, and watch that they did not again molest the Dairy Plains. Frank could trust to these promises, as poor Jerry, amidst all his iniquities, retained a rude sense of honor, and a lingering attachment to his family,—especially a pride in his sister Ellen.—Frank learned with great satisfaction that Bob's disappearance from the neighborhood was not owing to his having run away. He had refused to do so, his ambition being to become a great man in the settlement, provided he could accomplish his object without too much trouble and self-denial. He had made a merit of remaining at his work when his comrades eloped, and had, in consequence, got promoted to a better kind of employment, by which he had it in his power to make a good deal of money.

'And now, Ellen,' said Frank, on concluding the story of his morning's adventures, 'I must go and bring you the wedding present poor Jerry left behind for you.' And he explained that a sun dial was hidden in a secure place, whence it should be brought and put up immediately.

'Is it stolen, do you think?' inquired Ellen timidly. 'Indeed, I had rather not have it.'

'It is not stolen. A watch-maker, a clever man enough, came over in the same ship with the lads, and Jerry paid him for making this dial for you,

knowing you had no watch. He could easily have sent you money, he said, but thought you would like this better, since there is little that can be bought in these parts that you have not without money.

'I don't know how it is,' observed Ellen; 'but though it is very shocking that Jerry has got among these people, and into such a brutal way of life, I feel less afraid of them now that he is there. If it were not for this, I should feel that such a fright as we have had will set against a great deal of the good we have fallen in with here.'

'It always happens, Ellen, all through life, and all over the world, that there is something to set against other things; and never more so than when people leave their own country. If a man quits England through intolerable poverty, he must not expect to find everything to his mind, and abundance besides. If he goes to Canada, he may gain what he emigrates for,—food for himself, and property to leave to his children; but he must put up with tremendous toil and hardship till he can bring his land into order, and with long, dreary winters, such as he had no notion of before. If he goes to the Cape, he finds a better climate and less toil; but from the manner of letting land there, he is out of the way of society and neighborhood, and cannot save so as to make his children richer than himself. If he comes here, he finds the finest climate in the world, and an easy way of settling; but then there is the plague of having convicts always about him, and the occasional peril of being robbed;—and in some few of the wilder parts of the island, of an individual here and there being murdered. But this last danger is growing less every year, and cannot exist long.—Now, since there is evil everywhere, the question is what is the least? I, for one, think them all less than living in England in hopeless poverty, or even than getting a toilsome subsistence there with the sight of hopeless poverty ever before one's eyes, and the groans or vicious mirth of pauperism echoing through the alleys of all the cities of England. I, for one, feel it well worth anything troublesome we have met with, or can meet with here, to plant my foot on this hill, and look down upon yonder farmsteads, and over all these plains and hills and dales, with smoke rising here and there, and say to myself "There is not so much as one pauper within a hundred miles."'

When, after a few days, the black baby had, by Jerry's means, been restored to his tribe, when the country was known to be clear of such unwelcome intruders, and Harry and Ellen were therefore at liberty to settle down at length in their own house, the bride was quite of her brother's opinion respecting the goodness of the exchange from pauperism in Kent to plenty in Van Diemen's Land.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MORE THE BETTER CHEER.

Frank kept his promise of writing to his friend Mr. Jackson, from time to time, as he had opportunity. One of his letters, written four years after his arrival in the Dairy Plains, contained the most important news he had yet had occasion to send of the state of himself and his family.

'Respected Sir,

'I have often thought and called myself bold in what I have said to you in my letters; but you have always taken it kindly. This kindness makes me more bold than ever, especially as to two things that I am going to write about, when I have a little explained our present condition.

'My employer and I are about to part; which you will be surprised to hear, as there is a full year remaining of the time I bound myself to serve. It is through no quarrel, however; Mr. Stapleton having been a good master to me, unless for wanting more work out of me than mortal arm could do; for which, however, he was always willing to pay me well. The fact is, sir, he is a daring and a bustling man, such as they say are always to be found in new countries, wanting, as soon as they have got all pretty comfortable about them, to go further into the wilds and begin again. I see the good of there being such men, but do not wish to be one; so, when Stapleton offered me any wages I liked, to go with him, I said "No," having only engaged to serve him

on this spot: and thus I find myself at liberty a year sooner than I expected. He offered me an introduction that would get me good terms from the gentleman that has taken his pretty place; but not knowing yet what sort of person he is, and there being, thank God! far more work in my way to be done, at any price than I can get through, I wish to keep myself free. To finish about myself first,—I am building a sort of double house, in the middle of a very pretty piece of land. One end of the house is for myself, and the other for my father, against his time is up. It would do your heart good, sir, to see how he has everything comfortable about him, though he goes on complaining, to be sure, that this is not the old country. My step-mother has succeeded finely with her fruit this year, and there is as good a cider of hers in every cottage as any in Worcestershire; and such flowers as she grows make the place look like a paradise.

'Allow me now, sir, to go on as if we were talking as we have often done over the church-yard gate, or by your door; and not as if this letter had to travel over the wide sea before it reaches you. I should like to know whether it has ever happened to you to fancy gentlemen like yourself coming over to this place? I am sure, if such would think of it, it would be the best thing for the society here, and might prove so to themselves, in cases where they are not very well off, and have little to leave that they care for. You make no secret, sir, of its being difficult for your family to live on such a curacy as yours, and you have even talked of settling your sons abroad, as they grow up. If you would send them,—or (what is better) bring them here,—they shall be made welcome, and watched over and taken care of as they ought to be by those who owe so much to their father. Indeed, sir, this might prove a pleasant settlement in a very few years to you and yours. There are now eleven farms and other dwellings within three miles, and more building every year; and Launceston is within reach. The people about us are mostly very intelligent; and it is a good sign that they are crying out continually for a settled clergyman and a school; and, if we cannot get so much, for a library. You would find a good house, with a stable, and a horse in it; a garden, and two or three fields; a school-room with five-and-twenty scholars, whose parents would pay you well both for your teaching and your Sunday services. We should ask you too, to choose a little library at our expense, and should add to it, under your direction, every year; so that your children as well as those of the settlers should have every advantage. You will find further particulars of what we can offer you in the public letter which accompanies this.

'My fear is, that the consideration of the young ladies will deter you, should you otherwise be disposed to listen to our plan; and, indeed, England seems at first sight the best place for daughters that have lost their mother. But I have great hopes that these plains may be like an English county before your young ladies have grown up. When once gentlemen, especially clergymen, begin to come, more follow; and this is all we want to make the Dairy Plains like parts of Sussex or Dorsetshire. We have specimens of each class, up to the thriving farmer and wool-grower. There is also a surveyor; and a surgeon is coming, they say,—though he is the last person wanted, except for an accident now and then, for we really have no sickness. If, in addition to these, we could have over a tanner or two, a coal-master, a vine-grower, a store-keeper, and so on, each with his proper laborers, ours would be as flourishing a settlement as any in the world. There is coal in plenty, and a fine market in every direction, if we had but people to work it; and the same may be said of slate, and bark, and hides. Some Portuguese vine-dressers are making a fine thing of a vineyard in the south of the island; and why not here, instead of our having to import spirits in such quantities as make drunkards of too many of our laborers? The commoner sorts of wine we might make would soon drive out spirits, to our great benefit in every way. As for clothing, utensils, and other things that are brought to great perfection and cheapness in England, we had better go on buying there; and I have no doubt they will be as glad of our productions as we of their manufactures. You will be pleased to hear that there are already twenty-six vessels belonging to the island, and that upwards of thirty traded with us from Great Britain last year; and that 1,000,000 lbs. of wool were sent there within the twelve months. All these things I mention to show what a rising country this is, and how well worth the while of many a man above the rank of laborers and artisans to come to. If you should

think of doing so, sir, it would be the best piece of news that could reach the Dairy Plains from any part of the world. You should have the heartiest welcome from some whom you are pleased to call old friends.

'Perhaps, sir, you may remember saying something to me about the difficulty of getting a wife here. I have never tried, because there was one in England, as you know, that I always hoped might keep herself single till we should agree that she should follow me out. Through all these long four years we have had this in view, and now I shall have a house ready for her by the time she can come; and this is the other liberty I told you I was about to take. If you should really come, perhaps, knowing her steadiness so well, you would let her cross with you, waiting on the young ladies during the voyage—for the expense of which I will be answerable. Whether you join us or not, I have little doubt you will kindly put her in the way of coming with the least possible delay; and you may depend on my meeting her before she lands.

'I have said nothing of Ellen, because you will see her letter to grandfather. I have left it to her to send money this time, as I have other use, you see, for my own.

'It is a load off my mind, sir, to have written what has been deep down in it for so long. It is a great while to wait for an answer; and if there should be disappointment both ways, I hardly know how I shall bear it. But I am pretty sure of what is to me the chief thing; and if you come too, I wonder what we can manage to find to wish for next. It pleased God to give Ellen and me our hardships early, and to take us out of them before our hearts and tempers were hurt; like so many at home, better perhaps than ourselves. If He should try us any more, we have good reason now to be patient; and in the mean while, we desire to save others from what we had to go through for a short time, and therefore write as we do about coming over.

'FRANK CASTLE.

'P. S. There are fine downs here for the young gentlemen to fly their kites, just behind the house you would have. Ellen will take care that Miss Maria shall have a pretty poultry-yard; and Susan is taming an opossum mouse for the other little lady.'

The many months which necessarily elapsed before an answer to the above could be received did indeed seem long; almost as much so to Frank's family as to himself. Ellen had made a request scarcely less important than Frank's to the happiness of her parents, if not to her own. She had always been convinced that the child which had been sent to the workhouse by the parish surgeon of A—— was her stepmother's; and it had ever been her resolution to yield a sister's protection to it. Harry Moore was as willing as herself to have the child over; and as the boy was now only five years old, there was hope that he might prove an exception to the general rule of the corruption of parish-bred children. Frank's betrothed was requested to bring him out with her; and if Mrs. Castle was still disinclined to own him, he was to take his place as the eldest of Harry Moore's children. There was not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood that did not see the importance of having a clergyman's family come among them; and by all, therefore, Mr. Jackson's reply was looked for as the oracle which was to decide whether their settlement might immediately rise to that degree of prosperity, which is caused by the union of high civilization with universal plenty, or whether it must remain for some time longer in the rude state which is ever the consequence of a scarcity of knowledge and of leisure. The parents began already to teach their children the alphabet and the multiplication table, during the evenings of the week, and as many hymns as they could recollect on Sundays. The little ones already began to play keeping school; and the travelling chaplain was told, week by week, how much pleasanter he would find his occasional visits when there should be a resident pastor on the spot, more worthy to converse with him than any of his flock. A part of the Sunday leisure was spent by many in repairing to the field where Mr. Jackson's house was to be; and then what planning there was about the garden, and the stand of bee-hives, and the paddock, and every other appendage to the parsonage! Some of the lads were training a pony for the young Jacksons, and the rarest and finest plants were destined for their flower-beds.

The answer was expected to arrive in May, and every one hoped it would be before the anniversary;

that celebration of the arrival of the emigrants in a land of plenty which has already been spoken of as the best of their festivals. It happened to arrive on that very day.

CHAPTER IX.

TRUE CITIZENSHIP.

Bright and busy were the mornings of these anniversaries;—each busier and brighter than the last, as the families of the settlers grew in numbers and prosperity. The laborers and mechanics who had arrived in the same waggon with the Castles, had found wives or had them over, and now came thronging with their infants, bringing also the new comers of their craft, or in their employ; so that it was found necessary to spread a greater length of table every year under the shade where they dined, and to provide a larger treat of game.

There was more bustle than usual this time, from Stapleton having chosen this very morning for his departure to the new territory where he meant to establish a lodge in the wilderness. As it was a holiday, several neighbors followed in his train for a few miles; and when obliged to turn back, gave three cheers to their departing neighbor, and three to him who was to be his successor in the abode which had grown up flourishing before their eyes, and was the chief ornament of their settlement. Frank joined in these cheers, and then told his companions that he would follow them home in an hour, as Mr. Stapleton had still some more directions to give, and wished for his company a little farther. When Frank re-appeared at noon, he looked so grave, and had suddenly become so silent, that everybody was struck, and his sister alarmed. He hastily reminded her that it was post-day; and said he was going himself to meet the postman, and would be back before dinner was on table. Three or four holiday-folks went with him; and none wondered that he looked grave on hearing the sentence, 'No letters for the Dairy Plains.' Before they were half way back, some of the acuter ears among the party caught the welcome and very rare sound of waggon wheels in their rear. In course of time, the vehicle appeared briskly approaching on the Launceston road, and Frank sprang eagerly forward to gaze in the faces of the passengers. All were strange; and these repeated disappointments left him no heart to hail the travellers. His companions did so, however; and the reply was that these were laborers from England, some bound to Stapleton's successor, and others on their way to a settlement further on.

'What part of England were they from?' 'Kent and Surrey.' 'Did they bring letters for the Dairy Plains?' 'Plenty; and something besides letters. So saying, they exhibited a little boy, the very image of Jerry at five years old. Frank silently caught him up in his arms, and carried him on without asking another question; the dreary conviction having struck him that as this child was sent alone, none of the others he wished for were coming.

Little passed between himself and Ellen, who was on the watch.

'Here is the child, Ellen. May he be a blessing to you!'

'Is he alone? No letters? No message? Or worse than none?'

'There are letters, but I have not got them from these people yet. They cannot be good, you know, or why—'

He could not go on. Ellen ran to beg the particular favor of the travellers to get out the letters immediately. This was easily done, the packages of the laborers being small; and before Frank was called upon to carve for a few dozen hungry people, he had satisfied himself that it was very childish and ungrateful to have been so soon cast down; and his gravity was seen by those who watched him to be of a very different character from that which had seized him three hours before.

It was not Ellen's wish that the little workhouse child should meet his parents for the first time in the presence of strangers. Knowing that Castle and his wife were gathering fruit in their garden, she took the boy there, (after having brushed the dust

from his clothes, and set him off to the best advantage,) and put him in at the gate, bidding him not to be frightened if he was spoken to, but say where he came from. The little fellow made no advances. He stood in the middle of the walk, with a finger of each hand in his mouth, and his chin upon his breast. He had not yet learned work-house impudence.

Castle was the first to see him, after stooping so long over his peaches that Ellen began to fear the blindness was wilful. 'Wife! Wife!' she at length heard him call. 'He is come! The boy is come!' Ellen just staid to hear the words 'My boy' from both, and stole away. The next time she saw him was as he came between his parents to the dinner table, chattering in his Kentish dialect, and asking to sit on his father's knee, and be treated with fruit by his mother.

'You must be satisfied with being his brother, Harry,' said Ellen to her husband. 'He does not need to go begging for a father.'

Among the toasts which were given after dinner, some one proposed Mr. Stapleton's successor, whose name it was strange enough that nobody had been able to learn till this day; and perhaps it was not less remarkable that the name was the same with that of some respected persons now present. They would all fill their cans to the health of Mr. Robert Castle, about to become their neighbor.

It did not seem to occur to anybody who this Robert Castle was, till the gloom was seen to have settled over Frank's countenance as black as ever. Then the rest of the family looked at one another in wonder and dismay. Frank's companions on either hand asked him if he was asleep, or what had come over him that he did not fill his can. He immediately addressed the party, relating that he had been requested by Mr. Stapleton to inform the present company, that the proprietor who was coming among them did not approve of such festivals as they were now holding; that he had purposely kept away till the present one was over, and hoped to hear of no more anniversaries.—This announcement occasioned a great uproar, which Frank quieted by observing that so absurd an interference as this need not be regarded otherwise than with silent contempt; that, whatever reasons the person in question might have for disliking such a celebration as theirs, he had nothing to do with the way in which they chose to remember the country of their birth, and to be thankful for the blessings of that in which they now lived. He therefore proposed, sure of being cheerfully pledged by every one around him, 'Many happy returns to all present of this remarkable festival.'

No wonder Frank had looked grave after bidding farewell to Stapleton, when the last news he heard from him was, that his successor was no other than Bob the convict, whose ambition was so far gratified that he was able to take on lease the little estate on which his virtuous elder brother had till now worked for hire. So much, as he observed, for his having been favored with a free passage! His family were obliged to reconcile themselves to seeing him climb over their heads in this way. They reminded one another that they had made up their minds to the presence of convicts, as the one great evil attending emigration to Van Diemen's Land, and that they must not now begin to complain because one of these convicts was a son and brother. What their intercourse with him was to be, or whether there was to be any, they left to be decided by circumstances when he should appear.

A hearty welcome being offered to the Kentish and Surrey folks just arrived, they gave some account of themselves. They had all suffered from want of demand for their labor; an evil which had gone on to increase in the face of the promises that had been made to them about providing for all who were out of work on farms prepared for their advantage alone. A young laborer from the parish of A— stated that his father and mother and their seven children had been located on such a farm by Mr. Fellowes, with sixty other families; that it was difficult to provide for all the young people as they grew up, and would become more so still when they came to have families of their own, unless indeed they spent their whole lives in getting food and food only. Mr. Fellowes was now anxious to take in more paupers upon his farm, and was unwilling, in order to make room for them, to turn out laborers upon the parish where there were already too many; and he had therefore advised the sons and daughters of his home-settlers to lose no opportunity of getting well placed either in Canada or Australia. 'So,' concluded the speaker, 'I moved off to make room for two elderly folks, seeing, as Mr. Fellowes himself said, that I can raise a better living here than

there, and be much sooner free; and so, here I am. But Mr. Jackson will tell you all about it, when he comes, better than I can.'

It was now Frank's turn to explain that the clergyman and his family were really coming, and to read that part of his long letter which concerned the present company.—He had often thought of coming, the gentleman wrote, and had nearly made up his mind to it before the invitation arrived from some of his former flock; and the inducements held out by them had quite decided him.—And now what cheering, what long and loud congratulation followed!

'What are you shaking your head for, Castle?' inquired one who sat opposite to him. 'You cannot altogether help smiling; so, why spoil sport with shaking your head? What are you sorry for?'

'I am not sorry. I am very glad. I am only afraid of Mr. Jackson's growing sorry, and that in a very little while. After all, you see, this is not the old country.'

'No more is the coat on your back an old coat; and how is it the worse for that?'

'Tush! Stuff! One's coat has nothing to do with one's happiness, as one's country has. England is one's home, after all.'

'Not mine, I am sure. It was a dreary place enough to me,—nothing like a home. I and mine were neglected or oppressed at every turn; not because anybody meant us harm; but like starving people who happen to be just so many more than are needed. Here, I have all I want without begging or returning thanks; and this is my home. Wherever I have a dwelling and food, wherever I have comfort and safety within doors, and can step abroad among friends, there is my home. Put me under a parish roof in the very spot I was born in, and I should feel like a banished man. Set me down independent, with my family about me, in any part of the world,—in the middle of a forest or on the wildest sea-shore, and, be it north, south, east, or west, that place is a home to me.'

Castle still shook his head, saying that there was no place like England to an Englishman.

'Aye; if you could be as well off in England as you are here, I grant you. But just answer me this,—if you and your family could be set down this very day before the workhouse at A—, in the condition in which you drove away from it, would you go?'

Castle stole a glance at his children, and hesitated to reply.—To spare his father, Frank observed that Mr. Jackson had a good deal to say on this subject, and proceeded to finish the letter, the auditory showing by their silence during its progress and their enthusiasm at its conclusion, that they were partly sensible of the greatness of the occasion, as well as prepared to enter into his opinions and feelings. Several of them, besides Frank and others who personally knew Mr. Jackson, felt that a new era in the prosperity of the settlement at Dairy Plains was likely to begin from this day; for their correspondent might be said to be already among them.

After discussing the details of his removal, his letter proceeded thus:—

'My first consideration was, as you suppose, for my children; and long and anxiously did I consider, as it will be a comfort to as many of you as have families to know. The only way to settle such a question is, to ascertain what are the objects of human life. This done, it is easy to settle where those objects may be best attained. What I desire for my sons and daughters is that life should train them to the greatest degree of benevolence and integrity, out of which is sure to spring the highest kind of piety; and these things, with outward plenty, make happiness. Now, it seems to me that that benevolence is of the most kindly and abundant sort, which subsists among happy people; and that integrity is most secure where the interests of all are the same, instead of being opposed. I think that not all the advantages of society, and what is commonly called education, which my children could have in England, will set against the freedom from temptation and from the corrupting sights of human misery which must there come in their way; poor as they must be here, and condemned to jostle their way in the world, and probably to lose a step or two of the rank which their father's profession leads them to consider as their own. Education is made up of many things besides books, and even cultivated society; and I am much mistaken if, with such a field of exertion before them, and such motives to it, with abundance of God's blessings and beauties poured out around them, in the midst of an affectionate and thriving people, and with their father at hand to teach much which they could not otherwise learn, the intellects of my sons and daughters may

not become of a much higher order than they could amidst the struggle for subsistence which they must sustain at home. I judge for none but those who are circumstanced like myself; but I certainly feel that those who have several children, for whom they can provide nothing more than that sort of education, which will not be of use to them in a competition for bread, are the right persons to go abroad and make their home where, at the sacrifice of some of the privileges of high civilization, none of the troubles and moral evils of poverty can enter.

You will have heard that Mr. Fellowes finds his well-meant plans somewhat difficult to manage, from the vast increase of claimants. I believe he still thinks that if there were People's Farms enough, the relief might be made effectual, though he cannot explain what is to be done with so many delvers a hundred years hence, and will not say whether we are all to become delvers and spinners, rather than a few of us cross the world to a more fruitful land. Your grandparents seem to like their settlement on his farm, and their employment of looking after some of the orphan children, and teaching them to dig and spin. Your presents and Ellen's give them great pleasure, and add to their stock of little comforts. They sigh for you sometimes; and no wonder: but they console themselves with saying, that your father will end his days among a thriving set of grandchildren who need never fear want. Mr. Fellowes is glad, I am pleased to see, to have some of his farm laborers go abroad as opportunity offers; and some of these will convey this letter to you. So many inquiries have already been addressed to me since my determination was known, that I have strong hopes that persons of various classes will soon be on their way to the Dairy Plains.—Wherever colonization has succeeded best, the emigrating party has been composed of specimens of every rank and class; so that no one felt stripped of the blessings of the mother-country, but rather that he moved away in the midst of an entire though small society. If gentlemen go to one place, and laborers to another, the settlement is sure to pine, like that at the Swan River, and like too many more of the same kind. Whatever expense and trouble may be incurred in locating such imperfect materials of society must be well nigh lost. The true economy, the true benevolence, the true wisdom of emigration is to send out a company as a swarm of bees goes forth,—under proper leaders, and in a state of organization. This is the doctrine I declare as often as I am questioned; and I am trying to convince such capitalists as talk of emigrating, that, if done in such a mode as this, their removal becomes most like a removal from one county to another;—as if they went from Norfolk into Cumberland, or from Lancashire into the new scenery of Devonshire. Let us hope that some of them will make the trial.

The greatest surprise to me is that some still go on talking of its being unpatriotic to leave one's

country. Surely it is patriotic to do whatever most benefits one's country; and it is pretty clear that it is a benefit to rid ours of thousands of her burdensome children, to the great advantage, instead of injury, of her colonies. After all, a state is made up of individual members; and, therefore, whatever most benefits those individuals must benefit the state. Our duty to the state and our duty to ourselves are not opposing duties; if they were, there would either be no patriots, or no one would thrive. On the contrary, a man's chief duty to his country is to provide honestly and abundantly, if he can, for himself and his family; and when this cannot be done at home, it is a breach of duty to stay and eat up other men's substance there, if a living can be had elsewhere. But I need not argue this matter with you, who have seen and adopted the true patriotism. I and mine will come and try what we can do to make the name of our native land honored in distant regions as it is in our own hearts; and when the reckoning comes to be made of what, as a community, we of the Dairy Plains have done for the state of which we are members, let it be clear that we have loved and served her all the better for being removed from the gates of her workhouses into one of the palaces, which God himself has built for her.

Summary of Principles illustrated in this Volume.

Two kinds of colonization have been adopted by the British Empire;—Colonization for the reduction of our home-population,—or Voluntary Emigration;—and Penal Colonization.

The term Colonization is by some applied to a third process, which they wish to see introduced into this country; viz.—Home Colonization.

The objects of Voluntary Emigration, directed by the state, are threefold.

1st. To improve the condition of those who emigrate, by placing them where they may obtain subsistence at less cost than at home.

2d. To improve the condition of those who remain, by increasing the ratio of capital to population.

3d. To improve the condition of the colonized region.

To fulfil the 1st of these objects, the colony must be so located as to insure health and abundance to its members; and it must be so organized as to secure the due co-operation of labor and capital.

To fulfil the 2d object, the removal of each individual must be less costly than his maintenance at home would be; and the selection must be made with a view to lessening the amount of human productiveness at home.

To fulfil the 3d object, the colonists must be selected with a view to their productiveness, both as regards capital and population; which includes a moral fitness to compose an orderly society.

It follows, from all these considerations, that a new settlement should be composed of young, healthy, and moral persons; that all should not be laborers, nor all capitalists; and that there should be a sufficient concentration of their numbers on the new lands to insure a facility of exchanges.

Home colonies may afford a temporary relief to a redundant population, and also increase the productiveness of the lands, which they appropriate; but this is done by alienating capital from its natural channels; and with the certainty of ultimately injuring society by increasing the redundancy of population over capital.

Home colonization, then, though less injurious than the unproductive distribution of the Charity-fund, is inferior to foreign colonization, inasmuch as the one yields temporary benefit to a few at the expense of ultimate injury to many; and the other produces permanent benefit to all.

The objects of Penal Colonization are,

1st. The security of society by the removal of the offender.

2d. The security of society by the effect of his example.

3d. The reformation of the offender.

There has hitherto been an entire failure of all these objects. And no wonder; since,

1st. The offender is only transferred from one portion of society to another; and besides, frequently returns to his old haunts.

2d. His punishment, as far as it is punishment, takes place at too great a distance to be conspicuous as a warning; and in as far as his lot does not involve punishment, the effect of his example is precisely the reverse of what is desired.

3d. Our convict arrangements tend to the further corruption of the offender, by letting him experience a great improvement in his condition as a direct consequence of his crimes.

The junction of penal with voluntary emigration tends equally to disappoint the purposes of the one, and to extinguish the benefits of the other; since convict laborers find themselves in a state of privilege, in a region where their labor procures them large rewards; and new settlers find their community deeply injured by the vice and disease consequent on the introduction of a convict population.

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